

PUNCH OFFICE 10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E. C. 4



The  
name,  
sir,  
is  
Myers

I COME from Jamaica, that sunny island which produces the best rum in the world. Best because the soil, water and climate are just right . . . because of the slow fermentation of the "wash" . . . because of the pot-still method of distilling . . . because of the natural ageing for years before bottling.

It makes me proud that of all Jamaica rums, mine seems to be prime favourite.

*A few suggestions for your delight:*  
Myers & fruit juice (orange, lemon, grapefruit, pineapple, etc.)  
Myers & Cola (Coca, Pepsi, etc.)  
Myers & milk—best of night caps

**MAKE  
MINE  
MYERS**

THE DARK & MELLOW RUM PRODUCED & BOTTLED IN JAMAICA MCN 6201



We're quite safe for 15 minutes—he's enjoying a  
**CHURCHMAN'S No. 1**

CHURCHMAN'S No. 1, THE 15-MINUTE CIGARETTE

C.32G



Some men get all they deserve: others deserve all they get. But there is nothing which makes a man feel more manly than quiet, perfect grooming by Lenthéric. If you harbour goodwill towards men (or one man in particular) your shopping problem is now solved.

obtain at  
selected  
stockists

★  
insert in  
selected  
stockings

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Ask to see also: New De Luxe Men's Fitted Travel Kit (79/6); "Stirrup Cup" (42/-); "Three Musketeers" (22/6) and "Man about Town" (9/-).

quiet, perfect  
grooming!



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and tails for Sale or Hire

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OF COVENT GARDEN  
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AND BRANCHES

tell her you'd like



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PYJAMAS

for Christmas



Smooth, soft, roomy.

In plenty of patterns,  
including plain colours.

FROM ALL GOOD OUTFITTERS

10

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The comfort of

a cap with

the ease of a beret

Price 10/-

Beretcap de-luxe 15/-

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**KANGOL**

BERETCAP

Patent and registered design pending

Wishing you a Happy Christmas...

*Greetings*

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No. 3

100 PUFFS

PLAYERS No. 3

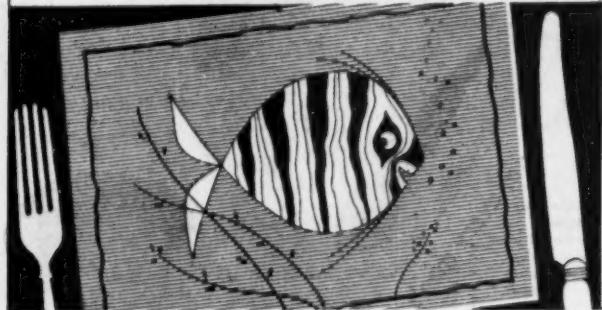
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**PLAYER'S NO. 3**

The Quality Cigarette

ALSO AVAILABLE IN CHRISTMAS CARTONS OF 50 [3P 123c]

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A perfect gift . . . colourful, contemporary table mats. What could be more appropriate

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Please add 1/6 for postage and packing.



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*Gift suggestions*

*It's a bright idea . . . to give Swan Brand this Christmas!*  
There's something for everyone in the Swan Brand range of electrical products — something that will always look right and be right, made with traditional quality to give a lifetime's service. From all good electrical dealers and stores.



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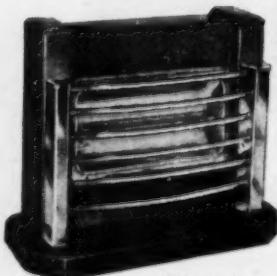
A smart, practical toaster, beautifully finished in light bronze with black base and chromium plated top. Toasts two slices at once and turns them over on opening and shutting the doors. A.C./D.C. Mains.

Price 32/6



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The attractive 'Royal' kettle makes a very welcome gift. Quick-pouring spout, heat-insulated handle, automatic safety device. A.C./D.C. Mains. Capacities 2-5 pints. Prices from 66/-



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Attractive modern portable fires. 'Woodstock' 1 kw. 109/3; 2 kw. 167/3. Gold or satin silver finish, black base, chromium plated guards. Latest safety guards on all fires.



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The 'Mayfair' percolator is finished in chromium plate on copper. Black heat-resisting handle. Almost instant percolation, visible through glass inset in lid. Automatic safety device. A.C./D.C. Mains. Price 105/-

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Bulpitt & Sons Ltd., Birmingham 18

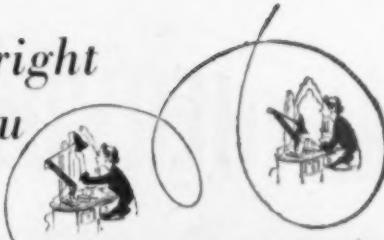
M.W.350

'stands alone.'

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★ EL ★  
**TROVADOR**  
JAMAICA

\* In appearance, in workmanship, in flavour and aroma, this fine cigar — EL TROVADOR — stands alone.

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where you  
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Made for beauty's duty . . . throwing its revealing beams at a finger-flick at exactly the right angle for make-up, coiffure or manicure — that's ANGLEPOISE.

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...dependable  
everywhere!

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REGISTERED TRADE MARK

*the gift  
that everyone wants*

THE THERMOS MODELS ILLUSTRATED : for Mother—so that she can enjoy piping hot beverages at TV interval time without missing a single minute of the show—Thermos Television Tray Set, 84/- complete ; for Sister Kate—who can now have that early morning cup of coffee she loves so much (yet hates to get up and make it)—Thermos 65 Jug, 11/- ; for Father—who does a lot of motoring and always feels the need for a hot drink (or cold, according to season) when he's miles from a town !—the sturdy-bodied Thermos 7 Flask, 7/6 ; for All The Family—to cook their porridge overnight in the winter, keep their ice-cream frozen at summer picnic time—Thermos 607 Jar, 23/6 ; and for Santa Claus himself—a Thermos Vacuum Bowl\* (55/- to 6 gns.)—just what he needs for keeping his hot toddy really hot in the Far and Frozen North (and for ice and chilled salads when he's doing his Equatorial deliveries !).

\* All Thermos Vacuum Bowls now have a removable plastic "basket" lining to protect the vacuum glass from damage by large pieces of ice and so on.



WONDERFUL VACUUM VESSELS FOR KEEPING HOT THINGS HOT—COLD THINGS COLD



Sip Grand Marnier with your after-dinner coffee and know the magic of France's finest liqueur. Made exclusively with Cognac brandy, Grand Marnier is the proud choice of those who know the rules of civilised living.

TO CLEVER HOSTESSES: Flavour CRÉPES SUZETTE with Grand Marnier.

## Grand Marnier

FRANCE'S FINEST LIQUEUR — MADE EXCLUSIVELY WITH COGNAC BRANDY  
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS: L. ROSE & CO. LTD., ST. ALBANS, HERTS.



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THEY SAY THAT THOSE  
annonces en français  
ADVERTISEMENTS IN FRENCH  
ont fait une très  
HAVE MADE A VERY  
grande impression  
MARKED IMPRESSION  
sur le père Noël.  
ON FATHER CHRISTMAS.

There's no finer way of saying Merry Christmas than to give a bottle of Du Bonnet. The price is 20/- and the bottle large. Now who are the possible candidates for a bottle of this heartening French aperitif? A favourite uncle? A deserving chum? A quite adorable someone? We leave you with your thoughts.

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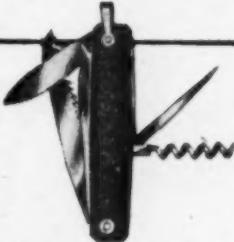
# Asprey

By appointment Silversmiths & Jewellers  
to the late King George VI

For an endless variety of gifts



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8 instruments  
£1 . 7 . 6



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evening bag  
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with bronze  
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shaker £8 . 10 . 0



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Thermometer and  
Barometer in pigskin  
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Six silver-plated  
beakers, large "Tots" £5 . 7 . 6



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Ermesto watch, covered  
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lipstick holder  
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Fisherman's knife  
with 8 instruments  
and hook sizes  
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leather lined throughout  
£17 . 17 . 0



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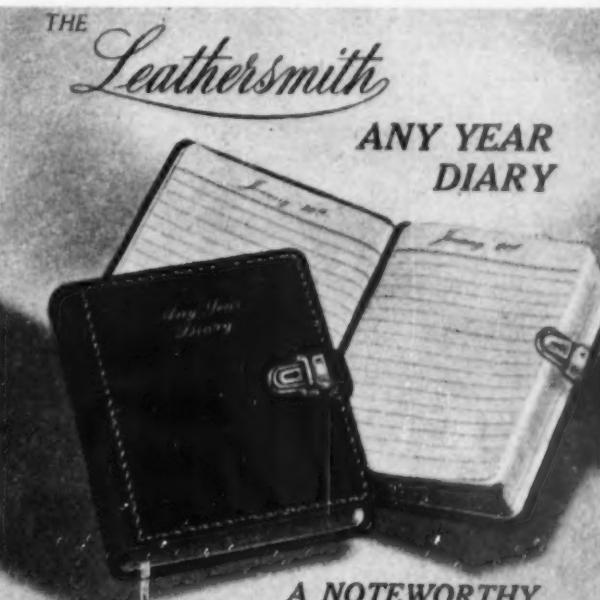
"It's enough to make a cat laugh,  
the way some people can't stop talk-  
ing about their beloved Agas."

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REGD TRADE MARK



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**You can't beat a "Belling"**

CRC T47



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**SANDEMAN SHERRY**  
**-I couldn't wish for better wine"**

**SANDEMAN "APITIV"**

Pale in colour, a distinctly dry fino, Apitiv, as its name implies, is the perfect prelude to a meal: 19/- per bottle.

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A glass of Brown Bang, nice full-bodied oloroso, makes a delightful break in any day. 22/- per bottle.



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**For women who lead active lives**



NOW ALSO AVAILABLE  
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\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*  
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\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*

**SISTER** to a self-winding watch that has proved its accuracy in a series of tests of exceptional severity, the Tudor "Oyster Princess" is the boon companion to a woman who accepts the challenge of a full and vigorous life.

This remarkable self-winding watch, commissioned by Rolex of Geneva, has the indispensable virtue of being quite unaffected by the shocks and strains that are associated with a sport or an outdoor career.

Normally, a self-winding watch doesn't stand up well to even moderate vibration, but the Tudor "Oyster Princess," with its patented, flexible "rotor" self-winding mechanism, never falters. Drive with it on, hit the ball, hunt, shoot, fish, bathe, even swim in it, it still keeps perfect time.

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Does this invulnerability mean that the Tudor "Oyster Princess"



**TUDOR**

**Oyster Princess**

Sponsored by Rolex  
of Geneva



Look what Jim's given me — he knows  
I love Sharps. Such a pretty tin too.  
Thanks Darling. Merry Christmas!



the word for Toffee  
this Christmas



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for warmth without stuffiness. Simple, quick fitting for practically every make of car. 6 or 12 volts price £6. 5. 0. Complete.



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Obtainable from leading Garages and Halfords.  
Write for leaflet "Tudorise your Car for less  
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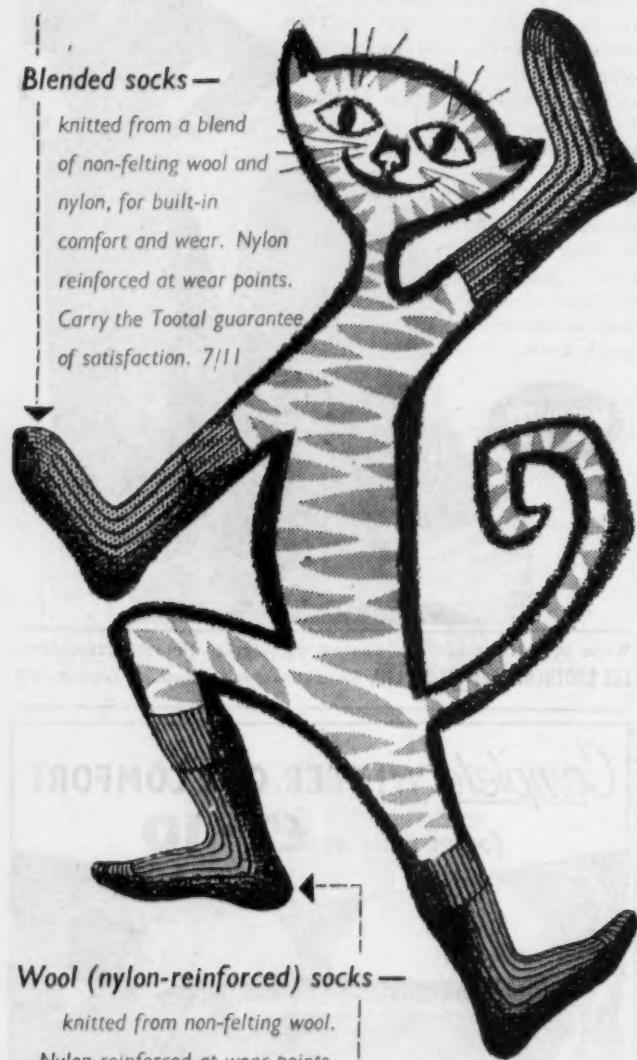


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### Blended socks —

knitted from a blend of non-felting wool and nylon, for built-in comfort and wear. Nylon reinforced at wear points. Carry the Tootal guarantee of satisfaction. 7/11



### Wool (nylon-reinforced) socks —

knitted from non-felting wool. Nylon reinforced at wear points.

Incomparably comfortable, outstandingly wearable, carry the Tootal guarantee of satisfaction. 9/11

Also Ankle socks about 8/6 and Boys' stockings, sizes 6½ to 10, about 8/6 to 11/6.

# TOOTAL

REGD.

socks need less darning

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is in the  
Blending

. . . a secret that gives "Black & White" its incomparable character, smoothness and flavour. Have Scotch at its very best by calling for "Black & White."



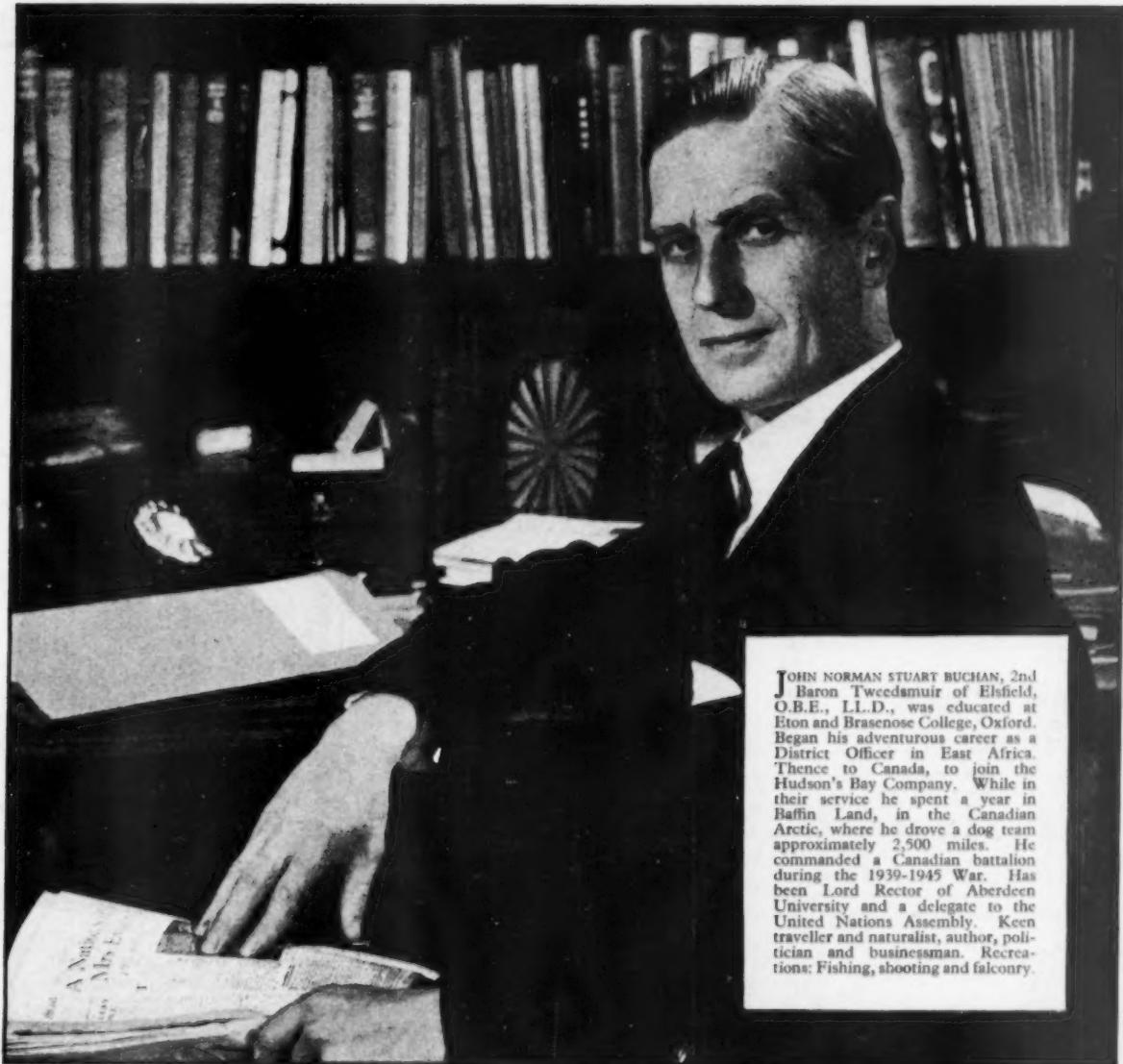
# 'BLACK & WHITE'

## SCOTCH WHISKY

By Appointment  
to the late King George VI



Scotch Whisky Distillers  
James Buchanan & Co., Ltd.



JOHN NORMAN STUART BUCHAN, 2nd Baron Tweedsmuir of Elsfield, O.B.E., LL.D., was educated at Eton and Brasenose College, Oxford. Began his adventurous career as a District Officer in East Africa. Thence to Canada, to join the Hudson's Bay Company. While in their service he spent a year in Baffin Land, in the Canadian Arctic, where he drove a dog team approximately 2,500 miles. He commanded a Canadian battalion during the 1939-1945 War. Has been Lord Rector of Aberdeen University and a delegate to the United Nations Assembly. Keen traveller and naturalist, author, politician and businessman. Recreations: Fishing, shooting and falconry.

## "My Daily Mail" by LORD TWEEDSMUIR

"I TOOK TO READING the Daily Mail for two simple reasons. For something that it does, and for something that it doesn't do. You read a morning paper at breakfast time. Not everybody is at their best then; myself for one. And reading time is short.

The Daily Mail has a freshness that I find stimulating. It is never downhearted, but it is never stupidly optimistic. Of the Kaleidoscope of news of the past twenty-four hours it sets out the various happenings in what I choose to think is something like the right order of their importance.

But what it doesn't do, which is my second reason, is to insist that some groups of people are always automatically right, while some others are always automatically wrong. To be particular, I greatly enjoy the reporting of the American news. I should like to think that British news is reported to the American public with the same good sense and good humour.

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by a master chef, the making of a perfect cigarette is a work of art—the varying virtues of the various belts of Old Virginia are not combined by chance. It needs a touch from here and a touch from there; it needs the courage to discard and the boldness to accept... So, the maker of Sobranie smokes his way to certainty. Behind him is the hereditary skill of three generations of his gifted family and an accumulation of experience which goes back over three quarters of a century. Today, the House of Sobranie is still content, in a mass market world, to provide selective smoking pleasure for the discriminating few.

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this superior quality.

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THE TOP QUALITY MOTOR OIL

Punch, December 8 1954

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MUMM

S. V. C. Sucré.



The très sec Champagne

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Havana wrappers are used  
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To be obtained  
ONLY from:

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RATTRAY**

Tobacco Blender  
PERTH, SCOTLAND

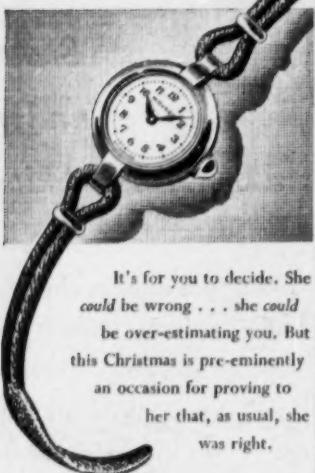


Price 80/- per lb. Post Paid. Send 20/- for sample quarter-lb. tin.

Punch, December 8 1954



*Wishful thinking, or feminine intuition?*



It's for you to decide. She could be wrong . . . she could be over-estimating you. But this Christmas is pre-eminently an occasion for proving to her that, as usual, she was right.

*... something tells her you'll choose a*

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*the highly prized watch*

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## Temporary uncivil servant now works "regularly"

"Well now," I said to our Mr. P., "how's the form?"

"Tcha!" he returned, sharp as a final demand. "I feel as if someone had filled me in. It's this constipation. With a sub-section like mine, what can I be but non-employed, class C?"

"You may be entitled to relief," I said. "What are you doing about it?"

"Nothing," growled Mr. P. "All my usual channels have let me down."

"Ah ha," I said, craftily, "that'll be the trouble."

"Clarify that statement," commanded Mr. P.

"Well, it's like this," I said. "You've got about 30 ft. of tubing inside you, and everything you eat has to pass along this usual channel. Your intestinal muscles are there to pull it through. But the soft, starchy foods you get nowadays don't give muscles anything to work on."

"Non-utilization of resources, eh?" asked our Mr. P.

"Precisely," I said. "And that means a bottleneck—in fact, constipation. Only one thing can save you," I said.

"In block capitals, please," demanded Mr. P.

"Bulk buying," I said, "and that means buying Kellogg's All-Bran. All-Bran, besides being a delicious



breakfast food, supplies the bulk those muscles need to grip on. It'll make you regular in a matter of days!"

Off went Mr. P., and when I saw him next he looked as happy as a minister with portfolio. "So the charm worked, did it?" I asked him.

"It certainly did," he replied. "A little All-Bran three days running—and there I was—regular as my cups of tea. All-Bran for me," said Mr. P.

"You can say that in triplicate," I said.

### WHY KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN SURELY AND GENTLY RELIEVES CONSTIPATION

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*After 25-*

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the  
heart  
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fonder

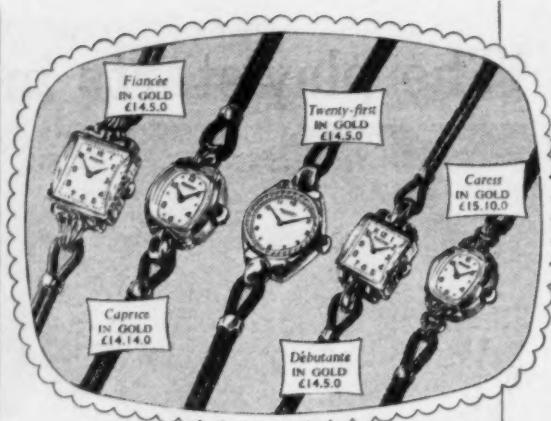
Orange cream, mallow  
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truffle, cracknel . . eleven  
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one big hug for the man  
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# WHAT IS THIS GAME...



. . . sweeping the country?  
What is intriguing all in society?  
Is it contract bridge or canasta, oh no,  
It has them both beaten and it's

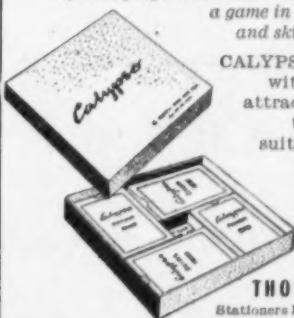
## Calypso

Like a haunting West Indies melody, Calypso, the new card-game from Trinidad is above all *different*—and so catchy it's an overnight hit among world card lovers. In cruise-liners and clubs, in town houses and quiet country homes, Calypso has them playing into the witching hours. It's simple—can be learned in five minutes—and strangely subtle too. Once you get into the swing of it you'll want to play again and again and again.

## Calypso

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*Is she irresistible?*  
*Give her*

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## CHARIVARIA

**T**ELLING assembled satellites in Moscow last week that the first thing was to solve the problem of German reunification by agreement of the four Powers Mr. Molotov said "It will not be easy—but nobody can prove it is impossible." He is too modest.

### Unsatisfied Customer

SINCE Criche Down a new spirit has animated the masses of the people, and it is good to read that the Parish Council of Stoke-by-Nayland, in Essex, is to



consider dispensing with street lighting. One reason, says a report, is that the Eastern Electricity Board is threatening to increase its charges, and another is that "the street lights in the village are alight during the day and out at night."

### Anybody Spell Molybdenum?

MR. BUTLER'S forecast of a great increase in technological education will come as no surprise to parents already complaining that teaching is entirely different from what it was when they were young. All the same, it will be a shock to come across little rag readers beginning "A is for Atom, B is for Barium" and so on, or to hear through the open windows of a village school the joyless chanting "Specific gravity of cold-rolled aluminium, 2·85; Tensile strength of plain carbon steel strip . . ."

### Grinning and Bearing It

AMERICAN legal authorities are wondering whether the law has been severe enough in the case of Mr. Alger Hiss. Although as a result of his conviction for perjury he is now forbidden to practise as a lawyer, vote, serve on a jury, receive a passport or

work for the Government, photographs after his release last week showed him still wearing the official State Department smile.

### Split

WHETHER the politician is all-powerful or worse than useless is a controversy with some wear in it still. While *The Times* seems to take one view, with "104 M.P.H. Gusts in Scotland: Village Appeal to M.P.," the *Evening Standard* takes the other—"Minister Flying to Flood City: Hundreds Barricade Their Doors."

### Full Up Inside

MORE questions than ever are being asked about Britain's overcrowded prisons, despite recent efforts by many inmates to reduce the pressure.

### No Blanks

LAST week's Czechoslovakian elections went off without any of the disappointment and heartbreak suffered

VOTING PAPER Which would you choose?	
JOHN SMITH	<input type="checkbox"/>
Ten Years Hard Labour	X

by unsuccessful candidates in Western democracies. There were three hundred and sixty-eight candidates for three hundred and sixty-eight seats.

### Let-Down

LITTLE interest was aroused in the Press when Mr. Josef Szigeti's G-string snapped during a recital. This sort of thing has to happen at the Windmill to make any real headlines.

### Black Looks All Round

THE British in East Africa can't seem to make themselves understood. Stones were thrown at the Governor of Uganda when he began his announcement that

the Kabaka could return, and now we read that collectors moving among the crowd during a pep talk by a provincial commissioner in Kenya gleaned twenty-five pounds for Mau Mau funds. Perhaps if the Colonial Office were to send out an agitator to incite them all to rebellion we might get a bit of peace and quiet.

### Unpooled Resources

A PHOTOGRAPH of an ear is landing in a lot of people's letter-boxes, with some plaintive reading matter beginning "IT'S ROUGH . . . not hearing from you." The words "It's rough" are printed on a piece of sandpaper glued to the



message, and another glued item is a smiling snapshot of the writer, a fetching brunette named Betty, whose complaint seems to be that her correspondent has abandoned the idea of winning £75,000. She wants to know why, and hopes there is "nothing wrong with our service." There isn't, of course, except that some people think the cost of this kind of thing might better be devoted to reducing the price of an investor's postal order.

### Dark Room Wear

THE *Sunday Graphic* is giving away patterns for a "TV Jumper," and at the last count twenty thousand eager requests had been received. Though the magical initials in the title were no doubt largely responsible for this it is quite likely that many people, after they have knitted the thing, will find that it does nothing whatsoever to improve programmes or reception, even fails to identify its wearer as a television owner when out shopping, and can in fact be

worn for cinema-going, listening to sound radio, playing the gramophone or, in extremely poor homes, just talking.

### Defence the Best Form . . .

AMONG the many conditions reported to be included by America in her agreement with Chiang Kai-shek is one stipulating that his forces on Formosa must not attack the Chinese mainland except in self-defence. This seems superfluous. Is there any other form of attack nowadays?

### Honours in Delaying Tactics

IN a school for railway clerks opened last week at Derby a model booking-office has been constructed in which



students can learn under practical conditions. One of the tests is to keep out of sight until the train starts to pull out.

### In-Breeding

ONE solution to the ideas shortage, the bugbear of the creative arts, has been hit upon by the documentary film department at Lime Grove, who are showing a series of documentary films about documentary films. It is bound to catch on, like all labour-saving notions, and the public must prepare for a vogue in Third Programme talks about Third Programme talks, newspaper articles about newspaper articles, and so on. Comedians with poor scripts about the poorness of scripts we have already.

### Nice New Rattle

UNEARTHED near Covignano di Rimini, in Italy, the skeleton of a dinosaur about a million years old has received barely a mention in the Rome papers. Of course, a good deal of space is going on the series of more recent skeletons being unearthed in the Italian Cabinet and the Italian Communist party.

### Final Touches

Pleasant of Mr. Sutherland

To leave the portrait incomplete  
And let Sir Winston turn his hand  
To putting in his feet.

## SUTHERLAND'S "CHURCHILL"

**H**OW, one inevitably wonders, might the great masters of the past have treated the subject? By Titian, beneath a smooth, doge-like countenance of infinitely adventurous experience, Garter robes would have been reduced to a stiff, severe, yet unspeakably gorgeous pattern of blue and gold. By Rembrandt, lost in contemplation of days gone by within some sombre corner of Westminster Hall, shining highlights on the cranium would alone indicate that a venerable human being was lurking in the shadows. By Goya, the uniform of an Elder Brother of Trinity House, exquisitely suggested in a series of incredibly daring brush strokes, would proclaim and yet somehow at the same time satirize the predicament of great age and great power. By Manet, the pink *impasto* of the features would perfectly balance the dark, slashed-in outlines of the bow tie and formal modern suit, the reckless energy of the painter himself conveying, by his treatment of the canvas, the sitter's energy too. The possibilities are really endless . . .

But one thing all these pictures would have in common; the portrait of the man—in the last resort—would be subordinate to the design.

Now Mr. Graham Sutherland himself, as reported in the press, defends his picture of Sir Winston Churchill from a number of, at times, somewhat confused assailants, not on the ground

that sitter has been sacrificed to design, but for the far less magniloquent reason that the picture is "like." Certainly the portrait is far from being "modern" in the popular—and usually derogatory—sense. The painter has concentrated especially on the physiognomy—as in his portraits of Mr. Somerset Maugham and Lord Beaverbrook—and here the torso is, one might almost say, allowed to look after itself: legs fading away in the manner of one kind of photographic technique.

Is one of the many reasons why contemporary life seems so irretrievably upside down the fact that people will continually refer to battles long ago as if they were still raging? They grouse about Picasso and the Surrealists in the galleries, while cheerfully accepting most of the ultimate results of their art in the shop windows of Regent Street or the stalls at the Motor Show. If the London Group Exhibition of 1934 had been incorporated into the Royal Academy of 1954 not a comment would have been raised. Perhaps it was.

But what has all this got to do with Mr. Sutherland's portrait of the Prime Minister? Simply this: for years the public have complained "It isn't like." Now, suddenly, they seem to have changed sides. Here we have, surely, a distinctly "literary," representational approach—one, indeed, that, in its undoubtedly free comment, might almost be said to border on the higher journalism. Nothing could be more intelligible. Yet one columnist in a famous daily actually refers to Mr. Sutherland as "surrealist."

The National Portrait Gallery can show plenty of examples of this particular method of seizing a momentary, highly dramatized mood in representing a famous man—Leighton's Sir Richard Burton, for instance; or, in quite another character, Watts' Cardinal Manning. For all his mustard and his mauve, Mr. Sutherland looks decidedly like a great Victorian R.A. returned to earth.

A. P.



### Tasteful Composition

"SCULPTURAL GROUP FOR SCHOOL  
L.C.C. holds its hand."  
*Manchester Guardian*



## The Night the Buffalo Came Down the Chimney

*This episode from the early history of J\*m\*s Th\*rb\*r turned up recently in a half-empty bottle on a lonely part of the Connecticut coast. It is here published for the first time, with hearty good wishes to the master on his sixtieth birthday, which catches up with him to-day.*

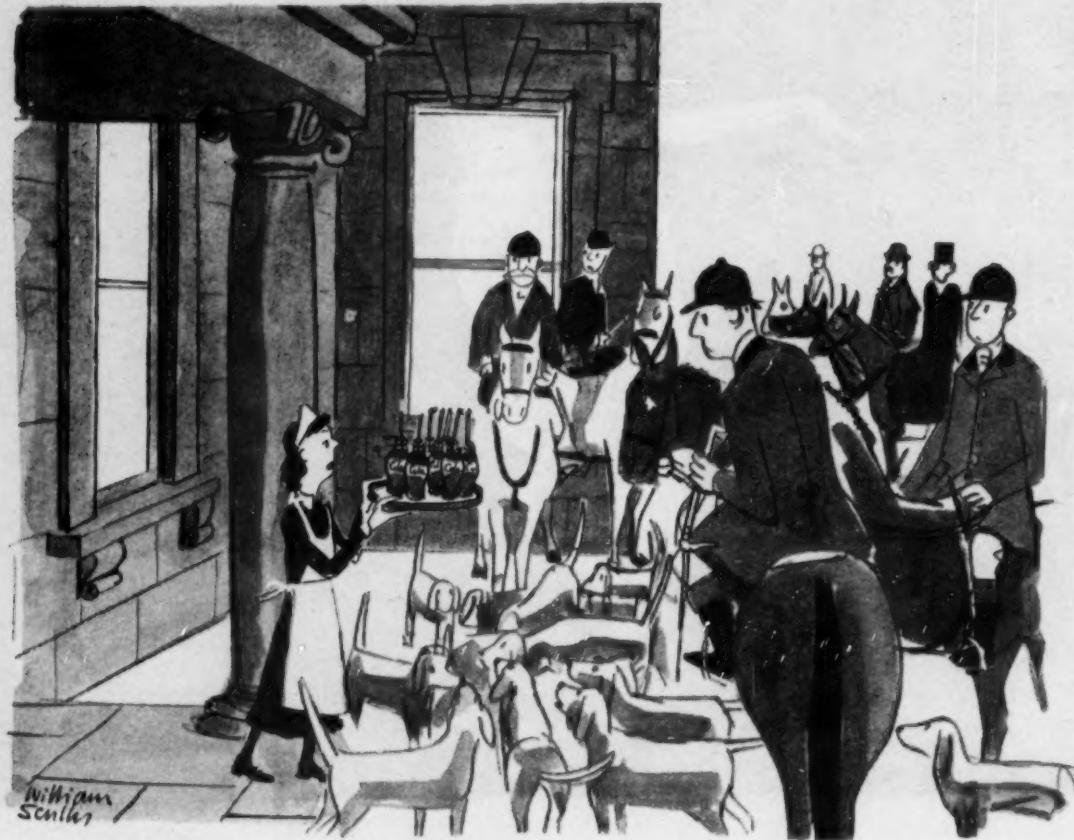
THE series of events which came to be known as the night the buffalo came down the chimney occurred in late November, 1911, while we were all spending a week-end with Great-aunt Emilia at 23 East Valley Street, Columbus, Ohio; and looking back on it now I find it hard to understand how any of us got away with our lives. It seems to me that we must have been beset by malignant forces about eleven inches wide, which peered out inscrutably from holes in the wainscot while we blundered around in confusion and terror: as my mother said some weeks afterwards, when the hullabaloo had more or less subsided, it might have been very much worse.

My grandfather, as a matter of fact, always denied strenuously that the thing

happened at all. "What in tarnation are you whispering about?" he would bellow, whenever we started to try and piece it together on long summer evenings years afterwards. "This family's never been within a hundred miles of Ohio! Ask Custer!" (He had long ago formed the unshakeable conviction that the last remnants of our family had perished with General Custer at Little Big Horn, and whenever things got out of hand he would try to prove that we were all dead anyway. "Ask Custer!" he would shout powerfully out of an upstairs window when men came to the house with bills; and they would go away, grumbling.)

I slept in a hammock in the box-room. One end of this hammock was screwed to the mantelpiece and the other end

was nailed to the wall. Whenever anyone banged on the wall the nail, which was loose, came out, and I fell face downwards into a zinc bath full of water which Great-aunt Emilia kept in the box-room for emergencies. She lived in constant dread of emergencies, as did most of my family; and the emergency she chiefly feared was a failure of the supply of drinking water. The reason I didn't move the bath out of harm's way was that I had already made up my mind to be a writer of humorous pieces. In the next room (a sort of big attic where Great-aunt Emilia's husband had kept his elephant guns and hunting trophies) my brother Roy slept in a native canoe fitted with walnut feet, and Grandfather on an old iron bed. Immediately below them, in the parlour,



Uncle Ebenezer K. Fosdyke (whose colored maid could make a noise like a flock of wild ducks) was accommodated on a chaise-longue, with tablecloths for bedclothes. Uncle Ebenezer was shortsighted. The bedrooms were on the ground floor, and for a very good reason. Great-aunt Emilia reasoned that if the water supply gave out, or if the ghost of her cousin Rufus took it into his head to start prowling around (as he sometimes did), it would be handy to leap straight out of bed, through the window, and on to East Valley Street. That way you wouldn't have to fight your way downstairs, riddled with cholera or chased by Cousin Rufus, and try to get out the front door. There was sense in this, for nobody had been able to open the front door since 1896, when it stuck. As for the back door, Aunt Emilia padlocked it every night and hid the key in the works of an old grandfather clock which lay on its side in the box-room.

My mother and Great-aunt Emilia slept in the first bedroom. In the second bedroom there were my father and a second cousin called Neb. Cousin Neb had a long red beard, and was of a nervous disposition. He frequently awoke in the dead of night under the firm impression that he was a character out of *Macbeth*. Sometimes he was several characters at once. "Macbeth has murdered sleep!" he would shriek, thudding wild-eyed into your room in his night-shirt. "Give me the daggers!" The only cure was to throw warm water in his face. Cold water, for some reason, only made him worse. The third bedroom contained two friends of my grandfather's—Hiram Parmit and his wife Rachel. They were both eighty, and there was something the matter with the way their minds worked: I never found out what it was.

This was how things stood, then, when at some time shortly after three in the morning Uncle Ebenezer's colored maid, Rebecca, came right across town to tell him she had felt the foundations of the house shake under her. She had once been told by a necromancer in St. Louis that she would die in an earthquake, and it had left her jumpy. Anyway, she came lumbering on to the porch and started tapping on what she mistakenly thought was Uncle Ebenezer's bedroom window. Old Hiram Parmit was out of bed like a flash.



"Who's that?" he yelled, grabbing a .45 Colt from under his pillow and lurching to the window. Rebecca, assuming him to be Uncle Ebenezer, tried to identify herself by doing her imitation of the wild ducks. "Honk!" she said, beaming reassuringly through the window and flapping her arms. "Honk, honk, honk!" Clouds were scudding across the moon, and she was wearing a ragged old fur coat. "Good God Almighty!" gasped Hiram. "It's the birds! The birds have got us!" He had always had a horror of birds, and in his half-dazed condition he took this apparition for an eagle that had somehow come down from the hills to carry

him off. "Rachel!" he said in a panic, shaking his wife. "Wake up! The birds have come!" Rachel was in a deep sleep and showed no sign of waking. "Honk, honk!" said the colored maid anxiously, outside the window. "Honk, honk, honk!"

Now thoroughly disturbed, old Hiram stumbled out of the room and went next door to try and wake my father. "Hmmm?" said Father vaguely, opening one eye. "The birds are here!" said Hiram. "Awp," said Father, and went to sleep again. Rebecca had now crept along the porch, and began to tap on this window, honking louder than ever. "My God!" yelled Hiram.



*"Remember, Miss Breame, the Battle for Men's Minds begins here!"*

"They're *following* me!" The tapping noise convinced him that the eagle was trying to peck its way through the panes to get at him, and he closed his eyes and fired the '45 wildly at the ceiling.

This had the effect of rousing every living soul in the place. (Rebecca took no part in the subsequent shindig. She ran off immediately to the house of a friend, and spent a restless night figuring that Uncle Ebenezer had shot himself because of his foundations.) "Get a hold on yourself, Hiram," snarled my father, springing out of bed and grappling for the Colt. They tripped over a rug and fell on the floor, wrestling. Cousin Neb, waking with a start, stood up in bed, his eyes flashing, and began to declaim the speech which begins "To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow," pointing at them accusingly as they rolled about the floor. Mother, in the next room, lay staring at the ceiling, trying to work out calmly in her mind just what exactly might be going on. "I didn't panic," she always says when reminded of the incident: "I just lay there quite calm, and fitted things together in my mind." Great-aunt Emilia seems to have been calm enough too, but she lost no time at all in coming to a decision. She got out of bed and made her way determinedly to the box-room for the back-door key, in case the house had to be evacuated on account of somebody tampering with the water supply in the excitement. "I knew my

duty," she used to say afterwards: "without that key we were like to have parched to death." Meanwhile old Rachel Parmit, waking to find herself alone in bed, assumed at once that Hiram had been kidnapped and that she would have to pay the ransom money. She therefore put on Hiram's hat and coat, found a wad of notes in his trousers pocket, and hurried along to the front door. When she found she couldn't open it she fed the notes through the letter-box and began to beat on the panels with her fists, crying: "Let me out! Let me out! I'm coming with the money!"

Father eventually had to stun Hiram with a bedside table. He then rushed with the Colt to the foot of the stairs, where he stood shouting "It's all right! It's all right!" to calm everybody down. "Eye of newt and toe of frog!" yelled Cousin Neb, coming to the bedroom doorway with his beard mussed up. "You go to hell," said Father desperately.

The shot had roused Uncle Ebenezer from a dream in which he was fighting with devils. Awaking to find himself under a lot of writhing tablecloths, he got the idea that the end of the world had come and that the fiends had taken charge. He disentangled himself, lit the oil-lamp, knocked it over, found his spectacles, and hurried out of the parlour to make us all repent. It has always seemed perfectly plain to me that

the oil-lamp, during the next few minutes, must have set fire to the tablecloths; Uncle Ebenezer, however, went to his grave believing that the ensuing conflagration was an act of God. Meanwhile Mother, having reached the conclusion that Cousin Neb had finally lost his wits, went along to the kitchen to warm some water. "The damn birds are here!" moaned Hiram, coming to in the bedroom and fumbling around for his Colt. "Let me out!" cried Rachel, throwing herself repeatedly at the front door. "I'm coming with the money!"

Things were no better in the upper parts of the house. At the sound of the shot, Roy, waking in a rather fuddled state, thought I must have upset my hammock, and sprang out of bed to pound on the wall in case I wanted help. The nail came out at once, the hammock spun round, and I fell flat on my face, missing the bath by a hairbreadth and partially stunning myself. "Jim!" Roy shouted. "Quit horsing around in there!" He hastily threw a quilt over his head and stepped out into the passage to see what I was up to. Great-aunt Emilia, arriving at this moment in search of the back-door key, caught sight of his headless figure, recognized him promptly as the ghost of Cousin Rufus, and scuttled into the attic with a mild attack of hysterics. Once there, she proceeded to barricade herself in, heaping articles of furniture against the

door, including the old iron bed in which Grandfather was sleeping. She then took up a native spear, intending to use it as a weapon, and in doing so dislodged the mounted head of a moose which hung over the mantelpiece. The head came down with a great rumbling crash, and turning round she saw it glaring at her menacingly from the fireplace. "Ah, God!" howled Aunt Emilia, throwing herself on Grandfather. "*Buffaloes are coming down the chimney!*"

It was really from this point that confusion began to set in. For one thing we were all pretty well scattered, and communication was difficult because everybody kept shouting warnings or instructions at everybody else, from all over the place. "Down on your knees and pray!" roared Uncle Ebenezer in the hall. "Out of my sight, you Redskin cur!" fumed Grandfather, struggling in the bed with Aunt Emilia. By this time the tablecloths in the parlour were well alight, and the people next door, seeing the glare and guessing that we had all been roasted to death in our beds, drove off recklessly in their Reo to get the Fire Department, and broke

down at the junction of Fourteenth and Chestnut Avenue. The car was unpredictable at the best of times, and on this occasion part of the clutch broke off and bounced down a grating. They never really forgave us for that, because it was now raining heavily and they didn't have a roof.

Roy and I managed to prevent Grandfather from scalping Aunt Emilia, but it wasn't easy. The old gentleman was convinced that there were Sioux Indians whooping all over the house, and he kept calling out to Custer not to budge an inch. We locked him in the attic in the end and went downstairs, where we found practically everyone jammed in Mother's bedroom, arguing nineteen to the dozen. Uncle Ebenezer was standing on a chair, his arms raised above his head, trying to shout everybody down with instructions to trust in the Lord. He had lost his spectacles again, and spoke directly into the wardrobe, which Mother had left open. Cousin Neb was drenched to the skin, and clearly at a loss. I was just beginning to wonder whether I'd ever manage to get all this into two thousand words

when there was a tramping in the hall, the door burst open, and eight or nine hulking Fire Department men squeezed in. They all had hatchets, and were obviously looking for trouble. "Hey, sonny," one of them barked, picking up Hiram and scowling into his face in a sinister way, "can you smell smoke?"

That was really the end of the business.

But although the whole thing seems natural enough when you examine it in the light of day—just ordinary, simple people caught in a web of circumstance—I have never felt that the general pattern clicks as neatly into place as it might. Take that bath full of water in the box-room for instance: I have always secretly held that someone should have fallen head first into that, by rights, and said "Glaarp!"

ALEX ATKINSON



"MISCELLANEOUS WANTS. A car calls at your home. We buy Ladies', Gent.'s and Children's Clothing Toys, Handbags: also late deceased."—*The Yorkshire Evening Post*  
Stiff prices, no doubt.



"How nice to see you again."

# Perhaps It Never Was

By H. F. ELLIS

THE course of history, if one only knew it, must be pretty liberally sprinkled with Messages that Ought Never to have been Sent. Secret diplomacy cannot afford to concern itself overmuch with the niceties of conduct. Chiefs of Staff have to put prudence before propriety. And the result, in either case, is yet another message couched in terms which, if they ever got out, would Shock the Conscience of the World, stun Mrs. Jean Mann, and possibly even influence the floating voter.

There must also, in the long travail of the human race, have been many indiscreet messages, many unfortunately phrased, many that turned out to be sadly falsified by the event, so that an Anthology of Messages that Ought Never to have been Sent might well be a work of sustained interest and entertainment. But of Messages that Ought Never to have been Sent and Perhaps Never Were, which would make an even more fascinating collection, the supply is disappointingly small. Off-hand I can recall no more than two or three.

*"To Antony, Alexandria. Handed in at Rome, 32 B.C."*

Good luck. All here are with you. We cannot believe that Victory, who is after all a woman, will embrace the arms of so determined a prig as Octavian. Signed: Two Million Romans Mobilizing for Cleopatra."

The above message was never, so far as I know, sent. It is quoted here simply

as an example of the kind of thing I should like to include in my anthology. Also missing from the scroll of history is the message that may or may not have been dispatched from Athens to Themistocles after the battle of Salamis:

"Warmest congratulations. You have won imperishable renown. Pray convey to Eurybiades the profound admiration of all members of the Council here for the gallant conduct of himself and his Spartan contingent in this major naval victory over the common foe. It will be well, in view of Sparta's contumacious attitude generally and her declared opposition to the rebuilding of our ancient bulwark the Long Walls, that you should hold combined naval manoeuvres in celebration of your victory and ram by accident, in the course of them, as many of Eurybiades' ships as may be consistent with the preservation of cordial relations. Thus a spirit of rejoicing proper to the occasion will go hand in hand with a due regard for our future needs. Forward!"

Less forthright, but worth quoting because of its complete misjudgment of the achievements likely to be admired by posterity, is the following, which was very likely not sent from Carthage to Hannibal while that general was preparing to force the passage of the Alps:

"Your plan to push forward over the peaks with upwards of 80,000 foot and 12,000 horse is in general approved. But there is concern here over the 37 elephants. What is to be gained by dragging these unwieldy beasts up

a height of eight thousand feet and down again? How are they to be fed? What provisions are you making against frostbite of the soft underpad, which must be expected on a gigantic scale? How will you combat mountain sickness, bearing in mind that the contents of the stomach of a single animal may weigh up to half a ton and more? This is a sombre prospect. In war the prize is to the audacious, but a foolhardy refusal to face facts deserves, and will command, the contempt of history.

This is only a hint. You are on the spot, and must decide."

Scholars may also be in doubt whether the following signal, said to be headed "Action This Day," and addressed to G.H.Q., Greek Forces, Troy, was in fact ever dispatched:

"I certainly do not propose to recommend an immediate award to this man Achilles. Nine years have now been frittered away in indecisive skirmishing, while the flower of our army, with all its train, squats in idleness at the gates of this unimportant watering place. This is no time for rejoicing or the random distribution of prizes, nor does the slaughter of a single opponent, however doughty, compensate for months of irresolution and lack of purpose.

I hear the dead general was equipped with a glancing helm of a new pattern. If not too badly damaged, this should be sent home immediately for examination. Who gave orders that a warrior of such a high rank and undoubted distinction should be dragged by the heels behind a chariot?

Wars are not won by sitting down, nor by the cutting of extravagant capers, but by resolution and cunning. When I last had a talk with Ulysses he showed me some sketches of a hollow Horse of his own devising. See that this ingenious officer is given an opportunity to put his ideas into practice without delay. We must take care that the epithet 'windy' is not transferred by posterity from Troy to ourselves."

Such are the few examples that I had been able, until recently, to collect for my anthology. Sir Winston Churchill's timely disclosure of the telegram he probably didn't send to Field Marshal Montgomery makes, of course, one more. And I should greatly like to add, for comparative purposes, the messages that Premier Stalin was sending off at about the same time to Marshals Zhukov and Koniev.

But perhaps he wasn't.





## Assorted Sandwichmen

by

FFOLKES



## When Irish Eyes Are Viewing

By CLAUD COCKBURN

**I**T does not send you blind, or at any rate not immediately, provided you do not lie on the floor. Nor do young children become bow-legged permanently through squatting in front of it. And furthermore, it has been ascertained that it does not necessarily make people very much more illiterate than they were already.

These are facts taken from a secret Report sent by this Correspondent to the Minister of Posts and Telegraphs in Dublin, for whom this Correspondent has been writing a secret Report.

I am frank to state that the facts listed above have, in fact, been culled from another report which appeared in the *Daily Mirror*, and in this connection

I would state that the whole of my Report, although comprehensive, is based on an entirely inadequate study of the situation, conducted hastily, and with a complete disregard of anything except superficialities.

But what one does so strongly feel is that the Fine Gael Party—which, like it or not, and whether one is fully prepared to grant it recognition, must nevertheless be considered to be the effective governing Party in Ireland—should at least know the salient facts and not be misled by specious propaganda of one kind or another.

Just for instance, the advantages of television listed at the outset of this Report—not sending you blind, and so

on—might seem so striking that the Minister could be inclined to take any money that still happens to be lying around loose, and pour it into the construction of an Irish television station.

(In case anyone is sneering and leering at us, it is important to mention at this point that to suggest that no one in Ireland sees television at all is a grossly slanderous lie, typical of many others constantly directed against our people. Three householders on the coast of Wexford watch television almost every night.)

Yet let the Minister beware. In fact I will go so far as to say that it behoves him to do so. Well do I realize the type of insidious suggestion which is poured constantly into his ears. Misled as Irishmen so often have been in the past by the serpentine cunning of the British press, he has been informed, and I say this without fear of successful contradiction, that

the principal effect of television is to induce a trance-like state in the entire population; that people with television give up thinking, give up talking, give up wanting anything—they become, he has been informed, entirely passive; they turn into morons.

Well, naturally, any Minister of any Government on hearing of such a device would break his neck to try to introduce it into the country. There was a dangerous piece of stuff in *The Times* the other day, a quotation of a speech by Sir William Haley, Editor of that paper. He said that when one watched TV one was deprived of desire, of will, of thought. One was "sans" these qualities, he alleged.

Obviously, nothing could be nicer than the prospect of the Editor of the *Irish Press* and his group of Fianna Fáil oppositional myrmidons being so deprived. Nice, too, if the *Irish Times* became so sans everything that it found itself in mute agreement with every least action of the hierarchy.

What I have come here patriotically and conscientiously to make clear is that all this is not so. It's a dream. It's a glorious illusion. It's pie in the sky.

Before we go any farther let us be perfectly clear on one point: television does not truly exist. The thing that you read about does not work, in the same sense that aeroplanes do not work. Peasants in the backwoods read about aeroplanes and imagine that you no sooner get into one at some place than you are whizzed at tremendous speed to wherever else it is you want to be. Everybody who has been in an aeroplane knows, of course, this is untrue and that it still takes getting on for an hour and a half to get the picayune distance from here to there, and after that there is all that business waiting for the baggage, with the officials who are not handling the baggage explaining to you that the officials who are handling the baggage are doing it so slowly because they are unused to the new, very fast, type of machine which we now have, so that it all takes longer than it did when we had the old machines which the baggage handlers understood.

And believe me, what a lot of the porters around an airport don't understand about a Viscount is erudition





compared to what the people who handle TV do not understand about TV.

Keep holding firmly on to the idea of the Wright Brothers and Blériot and you will not go too far wrong. Have we clearly established that much? Very well, we can go on from there.

You may think, sir, and if you do you are living in a fool's paradise, that in a country adequately infested by TV, men, women and children sit—to use the deceptive phrase constantly employed—"glued" to the TV screens. This is entirely false. Nobody worth mentioning in Britain actually looks at TV for more than a few minutes a day—which is about all the traffic will bear. The rest of the time they are talking about it:

about it, and nothing else at all. Nothing else.

Now you know as well as I do, Mr. Minister, the nature of the battle which is waged up and down the main streets, back streets, the boreens, the public bars, public squares, and greyhound tracks of our country: the battle against boredom.

Between friends and fellow citizens there is no need for us to pretend that this battle is always won. But let me tell you this, and I should like you to pass it on to the Cabinet with the least possible delay. You take this last couple of years, and what with Tulyar, and Honor Tracy, and the rain, and Patrick Kavanagh, and the drought, and whatever monstrous thing it is that's

been going on while I was over here not looking, we have done reasonably well. And what about the Prendergast affair? And that book there was such a row about?

Whereas when we look across the seas at England, what do we find? We find ninety-eight per cent of the population talking about TV ninety-seven per cent of the time, and breaking down these figures we note that of that ninety-eight per cent of persistent talkers forty-two per cent are writing about TV in the newspapers. That section of the papers which is not filled with their contributions is filled by the contributions of people who purport actually to have appeared on TV. The

fact that, as I have already mentioned, the whole thing works little better than some fearful country-house charade is entirely beside the point. What is bang on the point is that everyone behaves as if it did work properly. If you could prove to my satisfaction that on installing TV in Ireland everyone from Bantry to Bunkirk would spend their time sitting silent and entranced before the screens, cross-eyed and glued to pictures of pilgrimages and ploughing matches—I assume that when we do have TV, or rather if we ever do, we should have a good many such pictures—I for one would be perfectly happy. True, there would be no one to talk to, but equally there would be no one to point and peer as one trotted about the country talking to oneself.

My swift *tour d'horizon* shows me

that the perspectives are very much otherwise. And here one must point out that at least we have the advantage of knowing what happens when this TV thing happens, and are thus in the superior position of people who know in advance that if you do this, that or the other thing, what comes next is Hell, and also of being more fully instructed as to the nature of Hell than primitives who imagine that you can carry on nohow and yet nothing very terrible is going to happen to you in the Hereafter.

We needn't, I suppose, go into all that early stuff when people talked about how TV was going to open an epoch or era, and the price would come down with a rush if you only waited, or all the sets would become obsolete because of colour or something of the kind, and after that all that terrible business where you couldn't open a newspaper or sit

down in a bar without being somehow involved in a controversy about whether it was or was not a good thing to have Beethoven's Fifth Symphony interrupted by the cries of detergent men.

The point simply is do we really want to go through all this stuff? Could we not just somehow skip the whole thing? And don't imagine that we should merely be saving ourselves a parlour game, and the dramatic history of Mary Queen of Scots retold in dramatically historical form. What are called Party TV programmes are another thing we could keep away from. When the political parties are doing their TV programmes the glueing gets more than usually loose, and the chat-chat louder and louder.

The purpose of a Labour Party TV show is to demonstrate that what the Labour Party is out for is to keep the country on an even keel, not have a war and see that everyone is healthy so that production can be continuously raised and any gaps there may be about closed. The object is to reassure the wavering middle class, who will then vote Labour.

The purpose of Conservative Party TV shows is to demonstrate that Conservatives on the whole are people of very humble origins, who in addition to wishing to keep the country on an even keel, not have a war, etc., etc., etc., have put their hearts in the mouth of the under-dog, and have little or no use for the beastly rich.

This occasionally frightens the rich, who think: Well, if the Conservatives aren't in favour of us, who on earth is? But it reassures the wavering mass of the middle classes so that those of them who shifted Labourwards after the Labour TV show shift back again after the Conservative TV show—that is to say those of them do who have seen more than a few seconds of it. It can readily be seen that this system is a pure waste of time, and would be thoroughly undesirable in a hard-working country like ours.

Exquisitely painful and tedious as all this is, there are, I know, people who claim that it is good for the character and that everything else is the sheerest escapism. I can only hope, sir, that your government will share the view that we have enough elements taking care of our characters already, and that a few more might break us down altogether, leaving a gap in the fabric of Western civilization which, etc., etc., etc.





## Out Into the World

By R. G. G. PRICE

**N**OWADAYS, they tell me, there is Full Employment and there is always some job to be got, however strenuous and unpleasant; but when I came down from Oxford the Slump was on and I found, to my delighted surprise, that it was difficult to persuade anybody to set me to work. My scholastic record was not one that led the university to invite me to stay on and lend a hand, and I had no useful sidelines like infectious bonhomie or ability to play the piano fast. I half wanted to continue living on my parents, and the lowish target I set myself was only partly due to humility. I pretended that in a world where so many employers were faced with tough, go-getting employees there might be something appealing about a more diffident approach, and advertised in the Personal Column "Willing beginner anxious to find socially useful employment. Degree. Poor physique but great readiness to listen to criticism. Remuneration essential."

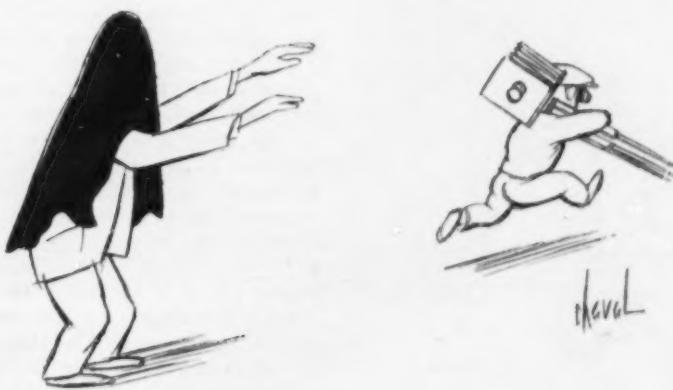
I had only one reply, from a Mr. Marsh, who asked me to call on him without explaining what he did. His offices were new and were being very smartly furnished. As I sat in the waiting-room men were carrying in still more furniture. When I was shown into Mr. Marsh's enormous office he greeted me affably and inquired whether I knew anything about finance. I told him I did not and he replied that it would be a pleasure to teach me. He wanted a confidential secretary, and for

the first two months I should open his letters and watch his methods. However, even though only a pupil, I might easily think of some profit-making scheme, and if it was a good one Mr. Marsh would form a little company for me to give me practice.

"When you are ready to pull your weight," he went on, watching two men carry in an enormous filing-cabinet in red morocco, "you will start acting as my personal representative, almost my partner. For example, I'm thinking of buying some wolfram mines. I should send you to look them over and make contact with the Portuguese Government. Of course, if you reported favourably on the project I should send out the best mining engineer available: I should not want you to be bothered

with technical details." It seemed to be harder to start at the bottom than I had expected. I said with ingenuous candour that it would be more than two months before I was capable of negotiating with the Portuguese—at least, negotiating to my employer's advantage. Mr. Marsh thought I underrated myself.

The interview became casually sociable. We drank tea and smoked thick cigarettes and watched the men wheeling in marble clocks on a trolley. Suddenly, as though remembering a detail, he said that during the learning period he would not be able to pay me more than a few hundreds a year, though as soon as I had mastered the business I should get a share of the profits and directors' fees. Then, with a smile of companionable understanding, he added





that it might give me an added interest if I asked my father for a thousand or so to put into the business straight away. I said I rather doubted that my father had a thousand or so free for the purpose. Mr. Marsh asked me what my father was: I think he hoped for a clergyman. His face fell when I said he was a solicitor; but he was a resilient little man and he looked on the bright side, remarking that at least he was not an accountant.

When I told my father about all this, he said firmly that even if he had been prepared to put down a thousand or so for me to learn finance he would not have chosen Mr. Marsh as my teacher. I wrote a sad little note explaining that I was faced with parental opposition and wishing him good luck. To show him what he had missed I enclosed an elaborately fraudulent scheme for extracting savings from widows. He never answered.

My next move towards employment was to answer an advertisement for pupils to learn publishing in return for a nominal premium. I was interviewed by a chirpy cockney and a rather snorty military man. When the military man bore down on me, saying that I was too inexperienced for a firm of their position, his partner stood up for me. "Major," he said, "it will be up to us to teach him. He strikes me as highly intelligent and very well educated, and I should not wonder if he could not write a book himself for us to publish." Little did he know that I was the only undergraduate of my year to leave Oxford without an unpublished novel in his luggage. I drew back in horror at this threat to turn me into a Grub Street hack.

Puzzled by my lack of literary enthusiasm, they switched the talk to a rather desultory discussion of finance. The Major and his partner were to contribute their knowledge and experience and I was to provide enough money to keep things going until the profits rolled in. To show them that they were interviewing a real financial asset, I suggested that we should get a number of young men to invest in the firm, whom I would lecture on publishing: I fancied myself as a versatile lecturer. When we had spent their money we could sling them out. The Major was very shocked and said I was clearly not a business man: I was much too unethical. My father did amuse himself

by having a short interview with them, during which he worried them by repeatedly referring in an airy way to his investigators; but he firmly held me back from further dealings with them. The last I saw of the cockney was from the public gallery in the Law Courts while he was losing a libel action against a newspaper.

One day I was attracted by an advertisement for a man interested in furthering education. It mentioned good prospects and I hurried off to be interviewed. Most of the other candidates were hard-looking men, neatly but shabbily dressed and obviously aware they were going to be asked to sell encyclopaedias on commission. I had dressed as an absent-minded scholar. When I was shouted into the bleak inner office a cold-eyed man told me to give him details of my career. I listed the various subjects I had studied and by the time I had reached my Special Subject for Finals, The Mediæval English Boroughs, he was looking at sea and much less brutal.

Quite gently he explained that I should have to call on school staffs during Break and explain how buying the encyclopaedia on the instalment plan would help to prevent mental deterioration. I pointed out that the staff would be busy drinking tea and discussing the headmaster, continuing that my forte was more likely to be writing encyclopaedias than selling them. He said they did not intend to publish any revised editions and sadly said good-bye. I think I must have been a change for him after the incessant self-projection of the born salesmen.

I finally got caught by employment because a master in a boarding-school had been taken ill and the substitute provided by the Agency had got mixed up with the police before he could arrive. I was the only substitute for a substitute they could produce at a moment's notice. The school routine had been seriously disrupted and, in the emergency, the headmaster firmly swept aside my detailed description of my weaknesses and appointed me. The job held me down for four years.

ε ε

"BATH MAKES EMPEROR A FREEMAN"  
Headline in Manchester Guardian

Oh well, if it's that simple . . .

## Repeat Performance

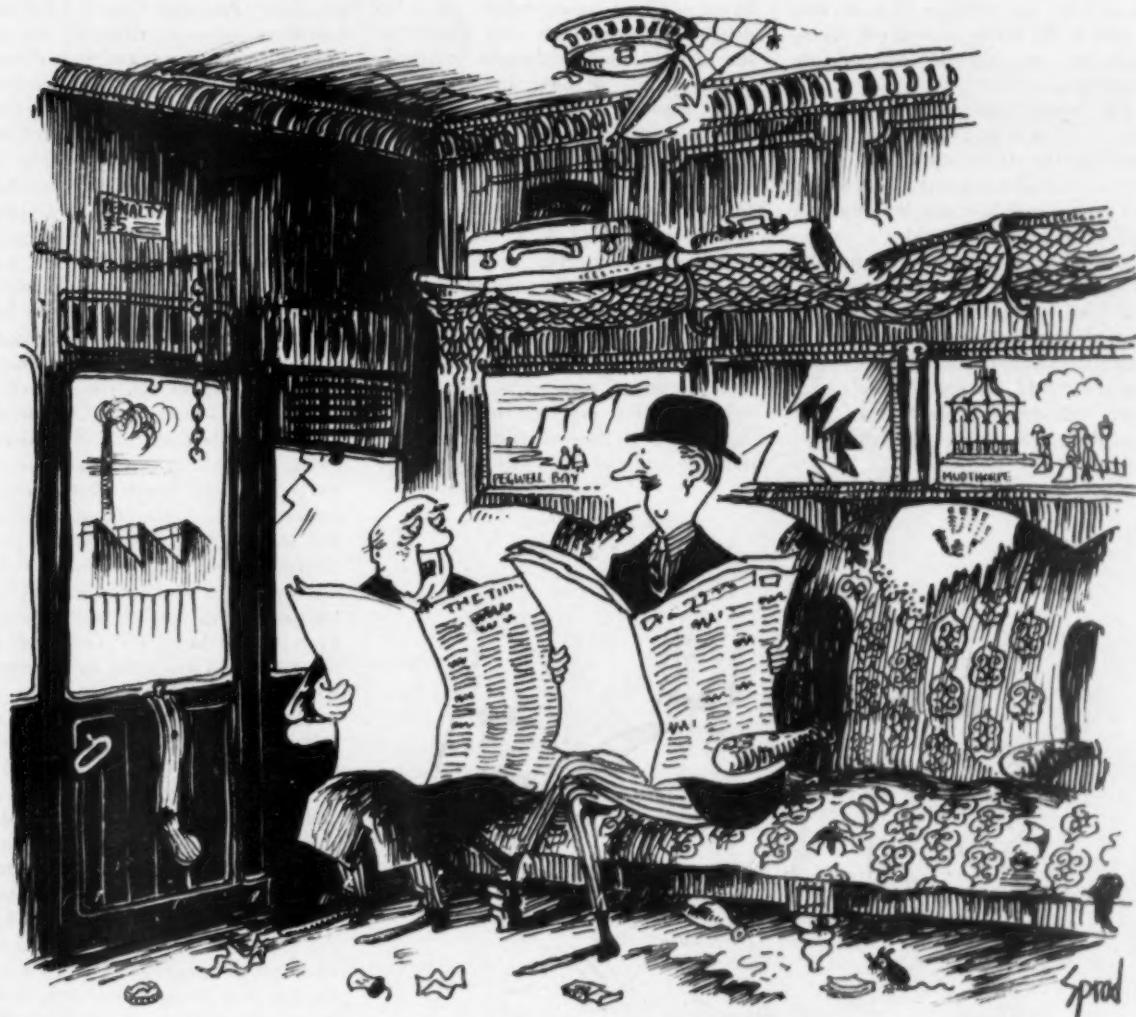
By NORMAN LUKER

A TOUCH of lavender lies not only over the memories of Savoy Hill, the bioscope age of radio, but also over those of Broadcasting House in what would correspond in another medium to the Great Days of the Silent Film. Eric Gill's Prospero is not a funny statue, but fortunately the Comic Spirit tended to perch on it like the starlings on the National Gallery. As a contribution to this history let us, to borrow a period phrase, turn the pages of scrapbook and recall the evening in the late 'thirties when A. J. A. Symons gave a broadcast talk on the Musical Box.

Mr. Symons, besides being the biographer of Corvo, was undoubtedly the leading and possibly the only collector of musical boxes in the years before the second world war led to their suppression and the peace to their revival in what to him would have seemed a vulgarized form. A musical box to Mr. Symons was not a cigarette box that played "D' ye Ken John Peel" when you lifted the lid but a musical instrument unhappily displaced by the invention of the gramophone. In his house in Essex he had musical boxes the way other people had mice, and there was very

little furniture that on being moved did not tinkle exquisitely some Schubert song or Waldteufel waltz. To him an illustrated talk on the musical box was an opportunity for the listening public to share in a delightful diversion.

He insisted on bringing to Broadcasting House a generous sample of his collection. There were not only a very great number of what might be called the basic musical box, there were also boxes in which little drums beat and little violins scraped, boxes in which ballerina dolls waltzed and gavotted, boxes with butterflies striking bells,



"Five hundred million pounds to improve British Railways and by gad they'll need every farthing of it!"

and gigantic affairs from the decadent dinosaur period as big as a small piano and with huge metal discs, the horrible precursor of the modern juke-box.

All of these he treated as if they were as fragile as the Portland Vase. He told me that there were only two men alive who still had the secret of repairing them, and one of these was in gaol for obscure political reasons. I was given to understand that it was only some undefined pull that he had with the authorities that enabled A. J. A. to keep his collection in good shape.

Of A. J. A. Symons it could be said with more truth than the cliché usually had that you either liked him or you did not. I was among those who liked him, and perhaps because of that I was allowed the rare privilege of being able to switch the boxes on and off—as we shall see, an integral part of the performance.

The battle plan was that A. J. A. should sit at a sort of pulpit in one corner of the studio and that I, as the only trusted member of the staff, should run from box to box switching them on and off in accordance with the themes to be illustrated. I do not now remember all the tunes we had ready; over the years they have coalesced in my memory into a sort of amalgam of Rossini, Waldteufel and Trad.; there was also "1812" on one of the elaborate boxes with drums if not cannon, "The Last Rose of Summer," and what in the flowing Swiss script on the lid was

called *Les Joyeuses Commères de Windsor par Nicolai*.

After the rehearsal we went to the local bar for refreshment, leaving the boxes in charge of one of the studio attendants already demoralized by A. J. A.'s imperiousness as the Duveen of the Musical Box.

In order to accommodate so many boxes we had used a studio remote from the little cubicles ("like a gentleman's study") from which talks on "The Danube, Whither?" were usually broadcast. This was the territory of the Variety Department, and it was a Variety type who, while we were drinking old sherry, wandered into the studio, unhindered by the now cowed attendant. Not since Pandora had such havoc occurred among boxes. With a delight that grew with what it fed on the fugitive from Bandwagon switched on everything in sight and soon the whole studio was a-tinkle with a simultaneous performance of the "Skater's Waltz," the "Marche Militaire," "Tales from the Vienna Woods" and some fifteen other selections.

Into this walked A. J. A. Symons. I had often wondered what Trollope meant when he made someone's brow black with anger. A. J. A. was very tall and now certainly he was very black. He was also magnificent. He wasted no time on anger, which was indeed unnecessary, for everyone had felt the lightning from his eye. Instead he went lovingly and skilfully from box to box,

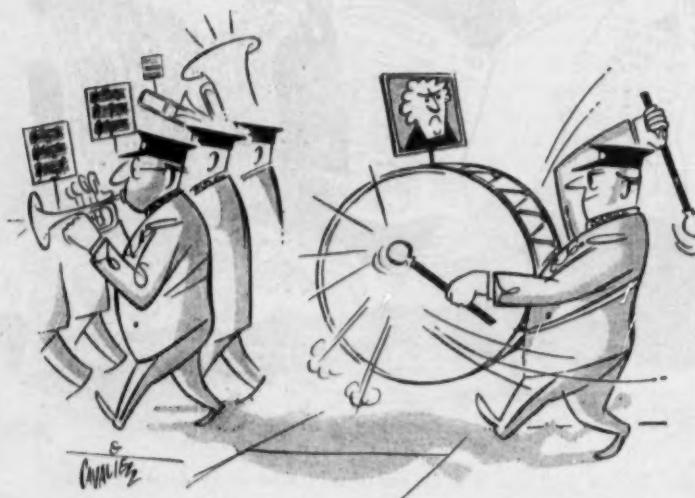
resetting them. Just as the red light flickered for the broadcast he adjusted the last one and stalked indignant but triumphant to his pulpit.

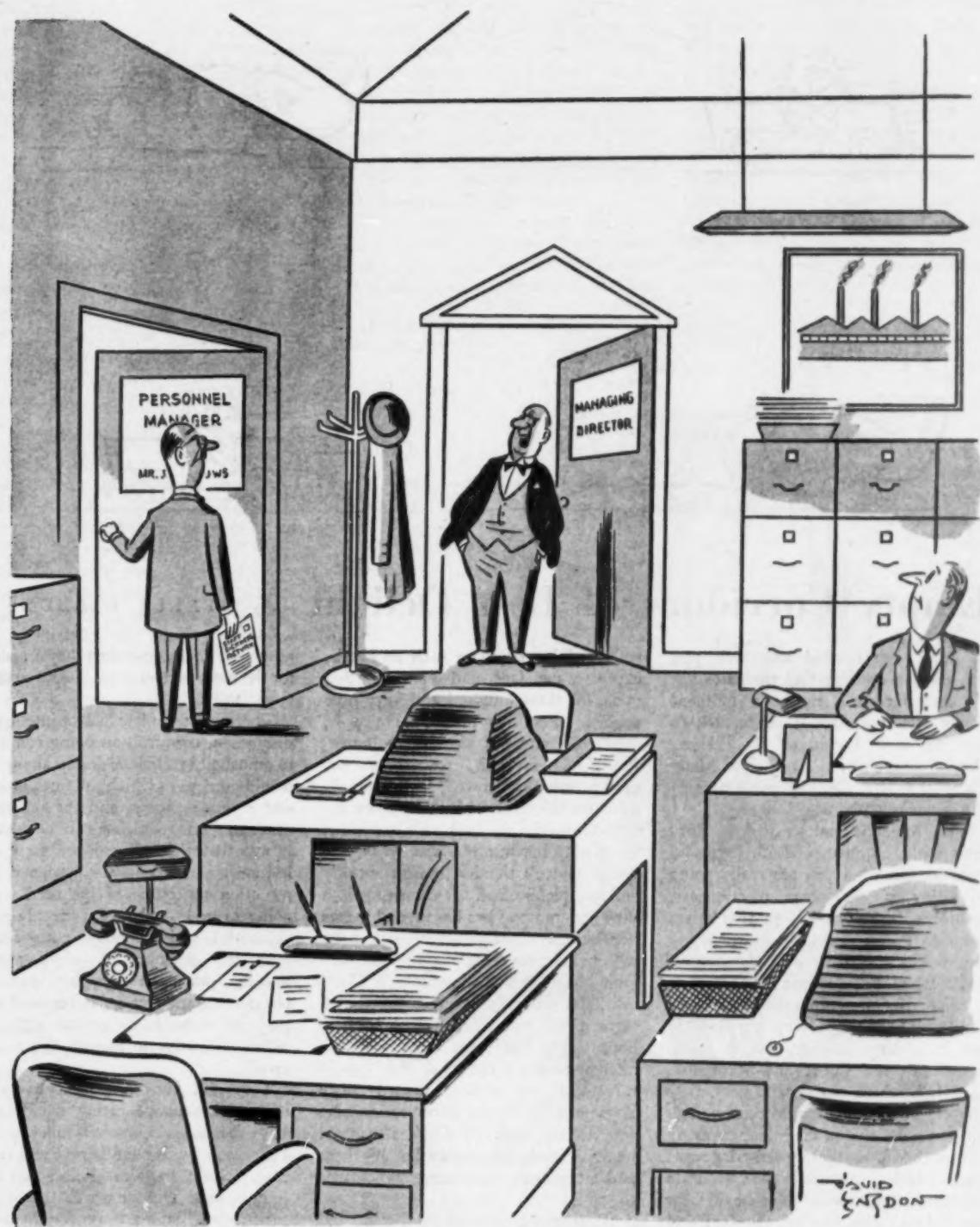
At first all went well. A. J. A. read his little tributes to the Swiss craftsmen who had so cunningly contrived their combs and cylinders. I, like the man in the ghost story who runs from candle to candle in the haunted house trying to keep at least one alight, flitted from box to box, switching on and switching off in response to a Toscanini-like wave of A. J. A.'s hand.

The calamity came with "The Last Rose of Summer." The tiny tune had run its tiny course, Mr. Symons had bowed to me, I had pressed the lever, Mr. Symons opened his mouth to introduce "Poet and Peasant," but the Last Rose belied its name by starting all over again. It was the most distant box in the studio, and A. J. A. could not risk running to it and having to double back to the pulpit. I could do nothing. We waved at each other with ineffectual sign language. The announcer looked worried. The engineer, who had been bullied at rehearsal, looked pleased. The Last Rose played to the end.

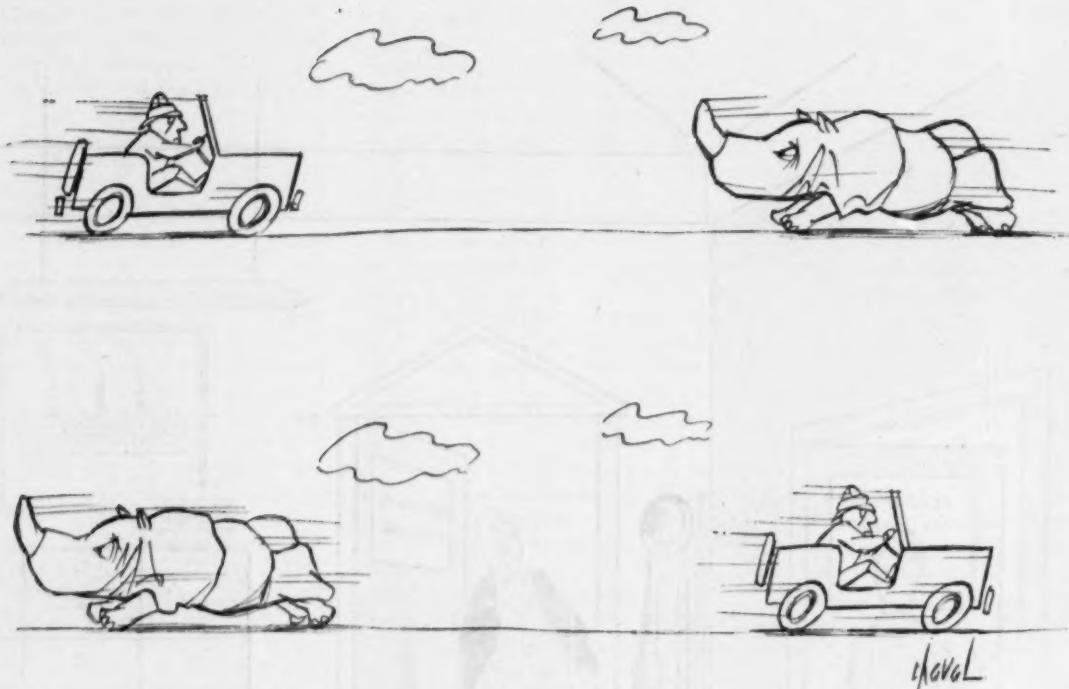
Everyone relaxed. A. J. A. looked at his script, began to speak, and the box started its third rendering of "The Last Rose of Summer." It was then that I showed the sort of initiative praised in the "How to Get On" and "Conquer the Unseen Hands that Hold You Back" books. I picked up the box and ran. It was one of the heavier boxes but I managed to get to the end of a corridor and to put it on the floor where it played for the rest of the broadcast. Then with a turn of speed I am always sorry did not get into the official records I ran back to the studio just in time for the cue to pull the "Poet and Peasant" lever.

The broadcast was a great success not only with the listening public but with the critical few who followed radio as the new art form. One of these congratulated me on my production; he had particularly enjoyed the delicacy with which one of the tunes had been faded out gradually under the speaker's voice. Perhaps it was some symbolism linking the disappearance of the musical box when the gramophone displaced it with the last rose dying in the early frosts. It was at least, I replied, using the idiom of the time, radiogenic.





"How is it this four-day 'flu always runs from Mondays to Thursdays and never Saturdays to Tuesdays?"



## Empty Corridors of Lost Delight

By STELLA GIBBONS

**I**F, in your morbid little way, you do not want to face up to things and face the music a moment longer, tell your social conscience to curl up with *Portia, or By Passions Rocked*, written by the author of *Molly Bawn* and *Mrs. Geoffrey* some time in the very early 'eighties.

This romantic and tragic love story ends with the death of both hero and heroine, but what you are really going to enjoy is the sense of timeless, unbroken, delicious leisure that arises from its pages. Like all the novels of this writer it is written in the present tense, which helps to cast the spell.

Such events as do take place—and until the final pages very few do—are set in a large country house called sometimes the Court and sometimes the Hall, where the staff is very, very slightly inefficient, and comic enough to get the heroine of the minor theme in the romance, a coppery-haired poppet named Dulce, down into the kitchen to reprove the upper housemaid for quarrelling with one of the footmen. Dulce is also thinking about making some jam (and it may be said that this is the nearest that any of the quality

gets to doing anything with its hands, except wave fans and hold sporting guns, for three hundred and forty-nine pages). For this purpose Dulce is, amusingly enough, *wearing an apron*. It is "a huge apron," worn over "her pretty cashmere gown," and "simply envelops her in its folds," but when she gets downstairs the cook adds to the fun by putting her into *a second apron*, "in which Dulce's slender figure is utterly and completely lost. It comes up in a little square upon her bosom and makes her look a delicious overgrown baby with her sleeves tucked up and her bare arms gleaming like snowflakes." However, she suddenly becomes capricious, turns upon her audience (the whole house party has come down into the kitchen to share the joke) and, having threatened one of them named Dicky Browne with a huge silver spoon, she says to the cook "I think I'm tired to-day. Suppose you make this jam, and I can make some more some other time."

So they all go upstairs again, and sit in the veranda "and say what we thought of our dance." There "tea is brought in for them presently, and

plums for Dicky, and then they are all—for the most part—happy." And so they ought to be.

There is a complete lack of intelligent discussion, conversation being confined to amusingly malicious gossip about the neighbours, puns which call forth groans and severe reproofs, and the difficulty of remembering which sort of cucumber it was that they all enjoyed so much last spring. McIlray, the gardener, has forgotten the name of the seed (it is going to be grown in the greenhouses, evidently), and the house party hangs over the catalogue, squabbling and making puns, in the hot summer afternoon until "peace is restored and they all sally forth armed with big white umbrellas to inspect the stupid carp."

Why did the Victorians make so many jokes about eating cucumbers? Is there some subconscious link between the sense of unlimited leisure and those cool, faintly fragrant, Nile-green and juicy wafers? Did the words "cucumber sandwiches" summon up for them the phrase "summer afternoon" that Henry James called the most beautiful in the English language?

But life is equally pleasant at the Court in winter. "For the rest there has been but little change amongst them. Julia Beaufort and the children had gone away for a month but returned to the Hall a fortnight ago . . . Sir Mark did pretty much the same as Julia . . . Mr. Browne has declined to stir for any pretence whatever and has been enjoying himself to the utmost." Understandably, when "The early winter night has fallen, and in the smaller drawing room the curtains are already drawn" (it is a completely safe bet that this was done by one of the footmen and he also put a match to the fire, laid that morning by one of the housemaids), "and though no lamps are lit, a sweet, chattering, gossiping fire sheds a radiance round that betrays all things to the view."

By its light, and the light of other fires for which the Court handyman chopped the wood and the housemaids dragged up the coal, glances of yearning love can be exchanged between Portia Vibart, the heroine of the main theme, and Fabian Blount, son of the house. Five years ago Fabian was accused of forging the name of his uncle, to whom he is devoted and who is devoted to him; Sir Christopher is owner of the Hall and presides over the flock of first, second and third cousins who make up the house party. The county is simply flabbergasted when the story about Fabian gets out, but in spite of his having a stainless reputation and a jaw that is "exquisitely turned," they pretty soon believe him guilty and he drops out of social life, resigning his commission in the K.D.G. He moons round the Hall, looking madly attractive and depressing everybody.

Fabian does occasionally do a little work . . . or says he does. He often refuses invitations to go down and look at the lake or inspect the rose gardens, because he knows that Portia, with whom he has fallen in love, believes him guilty. On one occasion she tracks him down to his "sanctum sanctorum" and finds him "sitting with some books and papers before him," presumably concerned with the business of managing the estate. She has to remind herself that "Satan dwells in comely bodies." She herself has a mysteriously weak heart, and on her return from a short walk, "dressed in merveilleux of a cream shade, with a soft, yellow rose in

her hair," is "a little languid." We suspect we are being worked up to something, and sure enough things get worse and worse. She is so much in love with Fabian that, after a dance, she sits out with him in the dewy dawn for hours while he kisses her arm, but it is useless: she cannot believe him innocent. She even lacks the moral courage to pin on her bosom the rare flowers he has climbed down the cliff to gather for her — "There was no danger—and you had expressed a wish for them"— and in the end he is drowned while helping the village crew to man the lifeboat,

and she expires of grief upon his breast. ("They said some tissue in her heart had given way, and perhaps it was so, but surely grief had severed it.")

The others, no doubt, go off to talk over the story in other country houses in the intervals of inspecting the carp, looking at the lake, waving their fans or silver spoons, and making the feeblest of jokes. What a good thing it is that such idle, useless, selfish, etc., etc., etc., and how much more people in 2020 are going to enjoy reading about the serious, concentrated, organized and useful activities of us. We hope.

## George Robey

1869—1954



*O*f oak and triple brass this man, as Horace has sung of the sailor,  
Twice nightly captive Empires kissed the rod of their genial gaoler;  
They stopped, they looked, they listened to the Bing with the luminous note,  
At this Prime Minister of Mirth the house without division rose.  
His caveman spear was polished, not his wit; he was not for the highbrows,  
But fifty years of simpler tastes were spanned by the arch of his eyebrows.

F. L. M.



## Maigret at Oxford

By J. MACLAREN ROSS

(Translated from the French: "Maigret Chez Les Dons," by Simenon)

IT was droll! Maigret could scarcely keep from smiling. And yet had the word *Don* really conjured up in his mind the image of a Spanish *hidalgo*, proud and dignified, wrapped in a black cloak and sporting a flat-topped hat with a wide brim, like the figure advertising that brand of port he understood these English professors sipped after dinner at their *hautes-tables* or in their *chambres communes*? Perhaps not really. And how unlike this conception, anyway, that smiling young man who had conducted him through the empty streets of Oxford after his arrival from London late the night before! Too young, at a glance, to hold such a title at the *Varsité*, as Maigret knew it to be called by its inmates. And yet . . . Was there a mocking glint, almost of irony, in the eyes behind his spectacles? Was his deference assumed, as he

pattered along, glancing up every now and again at the black reassuring bulk of the formidable commissaire? Maigret couldn't quite make out.

"And you think you'll find the solution, *Monsieur le Commissaire*?"

In perfect French too! Why not, though, since he was a Professor of French? It was his *métier*!

Ignoring the question, Maigret growled, puffing tranquilly at his pipe: "They certainly economize on lighting in your town."

"But that's just it. A great help to the criminals . . ."

"Criminals?" Was there, again, an undertone of mockery in the other's voice?

"The problem you're here to investigate, *Monsieur*."

"Oh, that!"

The street they were walking down

was certainly dark, and very long. Called *Merton*, if Maigret properly understood. Thick barred windows ran along one side of it; a grim stone building like a prison on the other. And his guide soon confirmed this impression, for, pointing at a solitary light burning behind a pane on the left, he exclaimed in a hushed tone: "The Warden!"

Maigret jerked his head. He remembered his recent visit to New York. But again the Professor—*Don*!—by his side was calling attention—this time to a floodlit tower which rose, a graceful awe-inspiring spectacle, towards the star-sprinkled sky directly in front of their view.

"*Maudlin!*" he said, lapsing—perhaps out of emotion—into English.

Again Maigret nodded briefly. He knew English well enough to get the

sense of that, anyway! He'd heard the word used often about a certain state of drunkenness *dans les pubs*. Doubtless the *sous-gradués* returned in adult life to gaze upon this landmark with tears in their eyes—which accounted for its name! It was certainly a sight worth clapping the peepers on—the only one, to tell the truth, that Maigret was to see in Oxford!

For now, the next morning, he'd to admit it seemed just an ordinary provincial town. Chain stores. And other stores. Women out shopping. With baskets. Pushing prams. And a market. Vegetables. Provisions. Flowers. But covered in, and no one shouting from stall to stall as they'd have been in France!

Maigret emerged into the street again and mopped his forehead. It was a hot morning for England. The sun shone here, it seemed, same as anywhere else! He took a glass of beer from his pocket and drained it gratefully. Nowadays he always carried two or three about with him, ever since he'd been caught short by this barbarous British custom, that they called *les lois de licence*, or, more familiarly, *ouverture et fermeture temps*.

But—hang on!—he'd misjudged the country after all. *Il's* were open already—here was a door swinging wide on a smell of ale, as though to welcome him in . . .



*"We sent them one last year and they didn't send us one so they probably won't send us one this year because they'll think we won't send them one because they didn't us last year, don't you think, or shall we?"*

*Le comptoir public.* Tables. Wooden benches round the walls. A board for the *jeu de dards*. Empty except for himself and the *gouverneur* in shirt-sleeves awaiting his order by the sandwiches under a glass dome.

"*Police Judiciaire!*" growled Maigret. "*Bière!*"

And sat down calmly at a table, with a thick glass jar of the English blond beer, called *amère*, in front of him.

What was it that young *don*—a doctor, apparently! Would you believe it!—had said on taking his leave last night?

"I know your methods, *Monsieur le Commissaire!* No good inviting you to any of the *collèges*! Though that's where many of the crimes were committed, and where the criminals are probably hiding out right now . . . No! You'll simply go to the nearest *bière-maison*, sit down with a pipe and a pint, and wait till the problem's worked out to your satisfaction . . . Well, *la meilleure de la veine*, Insp . . . I mean, Commissary!"

And he'd reason! Maigret, his pipe—stuffed with grey tobacco, naturally!—clamped between his jaws, smiled grimly at the recollection. Problem, indeed! It seemed to him there was no problem . . .

He took two books from his pocket and placed them on the table; then a packet wrapped in brown paper, marked *Not to be opened until midi . . .* The young professor had given him this at parting . . .

"A valuable cluc, *Monsieur Maigret!* *Quelle honte* I've to be in London to-morrow and won't be there when you open it . . ."

And again Maigret could have sworn he was laughing up his sleeve . . . The clock above the counter marked five minutes to midday . . . He smoked on peaceably, taking an occasional pull at his beer, under the watchful stare of the *gouverneur*—who'd no doubt recognized him from reading *les pingouins verts*! Two minutes to twelve . . .

And still Maigret sat *impassible*. For, whatever the packet contained, clue or no clue, he'd already made his decision. He glanced again at the titles of the two books, translating them to himself into French . . .

*Le Sourieur au Couteau . . . Stoppez, Presse! . . .*

No! He'd made up his mind. What, after all, did it matter if two *dons* cared to write police romances under pen-names? And why should their secret be



*"I cut it a bit fine this morning . . ."*

exposed? All this talk of crime and criminals . . . it was enough to make one laugh! If they wished to indulge a taste for vicarious murder, thus bringing entertainment to thousands of readers on whom they'd never set eyes . . . well, why not? He could imagine them at home . . . men with wives and families . . . growing children to support . . . school-fees to pay . . . People with worries like any other, *quois!* No doubt, the added earnings, the royalties on these romances, came in very useful!

And who was he, Maigret, to be their judge? There was no crime! And did he not, himself, owe his very existence to such a creator? Who'd once written, also, under a name not his own . . .

"*Gouverneur!*" he growled. "*Un cabriolet!*"

And the good man hastened to the telephone, almost tripping in his haste . . . Maigret drank up his beer and set down the mug decidedly. "There! It was over! He would keep the secrets of these professors safe, *sous son chapeau* . . . Or, as they'd put it in France, under his melon . . . !

A bell was tolling somewhere in the

town . . . the stroke of midday. Probably the one he'd been told was *le grand Tom*, or some such name . . . Maigret's fingers fumbled with the wrappings of the parcel impatiently. What odds, now, what clue it contained?

Another book. With a yellow jacket . . . He picked it up idly, translating the title as best he could. *Le Souper de Mark Lambert*. An author unknown to him . . .

But then his teeth almost met in the stem of his pipe, for what was this . . . written below what his London editors would've called *le blurbs*?

"Your cab's waiting, Mr. Maigret!"

It was the *gouverneur*, calling out jovially from behind the counter, but Maigret paid no attention, a little smoke curling up from his pipe, his gaze fixed on the words in front of him . . . words of which he thought at first he hadn't grasped the sense.

But there could be no doubt about it, really! Mr.—or perhaps he ought to say *Don*—J. I. M. Stewart wrote detective novels under the pseudonym Michael Innes . . . a fact Maigret was well aware of—but here were his editors proudly

proclaiming it for all to read! The secret he'd been going to keep was no secret any more . . . he supposed everyone in Oxford—in England, perhaps!—had known it for some time . . .

"Your taxi, sir . . ."

But still Maigret made no move. Now, at last, he understood the ironic gleam in the young professor's eyes! He, Maigret, had been made a fool of . . . a victim of the famous *blague pratique des Anglais*!

He rose to his feet, jamming on his bowler, ignoring the taxi-driver waiting deferentially for orders at his elbow . . .

"Where to, Mr. Maigret?"

Maigret swung round. He was about to growl "To the devil!" But suddenly, beyond the chauffeur and the gaping *gouverneur*, he caught sight of something on the wall . . . something whose existence he'd ignored until now . . .

A calendar. And on it the date, perfectly plain, for everyone to see . . . *Friday, April the 1st*.

And suddenly, to the taximan's astonishment, Maigret's bad temper vanished, and he began to laugh . . .

"*Chauffeur*," he said, with great good-humour, "*À la station!*"

#### NEXT WEEK

Another Full-length Inquest of the Formidable French Commissioner!

THE BABYHOOD OF MAIGRET  
(*Maigret à la Crèche*).



#### Lord Sandwich

WHY had you to play, Lord Sandwich?

Why had you to stick at the table?  
To leave your seat  
For bread and meat

Why were you not able?  
Reflect in the shades, Lord Sandwich,  
That it was foully done,  
And take the rap  
For this shred of withered ham dished  
up between two white and spongy  
layers of pap  
With no crusts on.

ADA HARRISON



## Praise, Songs of, Procedure Regarding

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

**W**E take too much for granted. From school milk to the free removal of teeth, from extended facilities for the transmission of parcels to the Canary Islands to the unstinting appointment of pig-recording officers the gifts of the State flow in. In the circumstances, pressure for a cut in the Civil Service is not only unreasonable but downright rude.

How many people gave more than a passing thought, for instance, to last week's announcement that a programme of carols round the Trafalgar Square tree had been "arranged by the Ministry of Works"? Few. Except perhaps in Whitehall itself. There, however, you may be sure that the project was close to hundreds of sentimental old administrative hearts.

In the first place, who was to take it on? The very existence of a tree at first suggested the Forestry Commission and but for their preoccupation with other aspects of the matter—quarantine at the quayside, insecticide spraying and so on—they would no doubt have looked after the musical side. Again, the tree came from Norway, which might well have denoted a Foreign Office interest. It was to be illuminated, which could reasonably have involved the Ministry of Fuel and selected officers of the British Electricity Authority. Who can tell what volume of inter-departmental minutes surged to and fro before Ministry of Works officials found the whole file dumped in their laps, with a copy of *Carols Old and New* stapled helpfully in the back?

And the allocation of the work, even within the Ministry, can have been no light matter. The Parliamentary Secretary got out a short memorandum, no doubt:

### Re CAROLS

It has been agreed that appropriate Christmas Hymns shall be rendered in the vicinity of the spruce-type conifer to be sited in Trafalgar Square, London, W., on the evenings of December 20-24, 1954. Please make the necessary arrangements.

This he sent with the file to the first address in his departmental directory, Accommodation and Building Services, who not unreasonably assumed an error and marked it for onward transmission to the Ancient Monument Inspectorate,

against whom they had some old grudge. For a similar reason, the Bailiff of Royal Parks found the thing in his in-tray the next morning, and left it with the Directorate of Lands and Accommodation while the Director was out at coffee.

Finally, it turned up on the desk of Mr. Nigel Birch, and with a shrewd appraisal of the situation, learnt during his apprenticeship at the Ministry of Defence, he called his Directors together. "Now look, you chaps . . ." He spoke of the spirit of good will, of the kiddies, and perhaps worked in a neat analogy about watching the flocks by day and night. There were a few moist eyes among the hard-bitten Chief Structural Engineers and Assistant Comptrollers of Accounts as the little party broke up. "Let me have the file," muttered the Director-General of Building Materials, wiping the mist from his glasses. "No, no, old fellow"—this was the Principal Accountant to the Director of Contracts—"I'll deal with it, a pleasure." And so on.

The trouble was, when men of good will of all departments had formed themselves into a Norwegian Christmas Tree Trafalgar Square Songs of Praise Committee, that some fool was found to have undertaken to supply three hours of carols on each of the five evenings, and as the Principal Accountant pointed out, the average carol was over in three minutes, which meant that they would need upwards of three hundred carols, or a round hundred, even in triplicate. An Assistant Secretary in the Building Industries and General Division moved that the programme should be split up with readings from the Ministry of the Crown (Transfer of Functions) Act, or even routine announcements about the illegality of bathing in the Trafalgar Square fountains, but in the end it was agreed that a little repetition couldn't be helped, provided that, for instance, the Blackheath Male Voice Choir, scheduled to carol from 9 to 10 p.m. on the Monday, didn't return on the Tuesday to catcall at the inferior *Good King Wenceslas* of the Workers' Music Association (6.30 to 7.30). It would never do to have a disturbance, as the Chief Quantity Surveyor pointed out,

and it was decided that, just in case of a pitched battle between the London Bach Group (7.45 to 8.45, Wednesday) and the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals (6.30 to 7.30, same night), the Home Secretary had better be asked to have a few extra police about.

So, at last, and with the expenditure of valuable time and energy diverted temporarily from other such pressing matters as the redecoration of Ministers' official houses, the maintenance of oil pipelines and the supply of pre-stressed concrete for railway sleepers, the programme was arranged, no fewer than fifteen choirs were laid on, through highly unusual channels, and Mr. Birch's Ministry had once again added a gay if unrecognized feather to the cap of our splendid Civil Service.

There was, however, some slight evaporation of good will when it was noticed that the performers in Trafalgar Square from 6.30 to 7.30 on the evening of December 23 were none other than "The Board of Trade Choir." As an Assistant Secretary to the Director of Establishments put it, "Why didn't they handle the whole thing? Just like Thorneycroft's lot, hiding their light under a ——— bushel."





*Consequences of putting Mr. Graham Sutherland's latest portrait on public exhibition.*

In the Country

## Art without Craft

**D**EON is as fertile and industrious as ever, but, believe me, in quite another sense . . .

My own farm stands on the top of a hill. I overlook three busy little villages. And I can remember the time when I used to draw considerable satisfaction from swinging idly on my own gate and surveying all those activities going on beneath me. To my left I could hear the hum of Mr. Cornish's circular saw or the pleasing scrape of his big box plane as that assiduous old carpenter finished off another of his well-appointed coffins in home-grown seasoned timber. He was a craftsman of the old school, a veritable Chippendale of the graveyard.

And to my right I used to be able to observe Mrs. Penhale waddling down to her hutches to take another clip from her Angora rabbits to feed her busy loom. There was the small pottery too, not to mention the blacksmith who, after shoeing hours, settled down with his two young sons to a long and profitable evening making rabbit gins. I must admit that the thought of all these cottage industries going on around me made my own sloth more sweet. Of a winter evening I used to enjoy watching the oil lamps light up in the cottage windows as my mole-like neighbours applied themselves to another session of useful employment.

Sometimes, like a self-appointed and indulgent overseer, I would amble round the countryside on my old mare and stop ten minutes to admire the grain or the brass handles on Mr. Cornish's recent masterpiece. Or I would stay to compliment Mrs. Penhale on a scarf dyed with onion skins or walnut. And all the time I could share in the blacksmith's sense of achievement as another gross of rabbit traps were packed in sacks for dispatch.

But those creative days have gone, though Devon remains as fertile and industrious as ever. Now from my farm gate I overlook: two historical novels, one verse play, at least four scripts for television, not to mention the vicarage where I know nothing can stop another play on the Young Sheridan from being drafted, if not actually written. Every day the studio which

was the smithy turns out another dozen monstrous chi-chi mobiles, and instead of useful chamber-pots our Cornish clay is now confined into horrible hand-painted antelopes, fauns and lambs. Art creeps over all and nobody is busy enough not to catch a bout of inspiration. Even the postmistress has acquired a typewriter and intends to turn these long evenings to profit.

The incentive behind all this ghastly endeavour is the rumour that the introduction of commercial television means that the market for scripts and plays is increased, and the standard has been lowered to the level of any village idiot. Myxomatosis was a mild disease compared to this creative blight.

I don't hack about the countryside any more. Indeed I dare not even go for a walk. For there's a typescript menacing me like a highwayman at every crossroads, and synopses like the sign of the Black Death hang above every cottage door. When exercise degenerates into a *tour de force* of criticism it is really too exhausting.

RONALD DUNCAN



## My Cat Major

**M**AJOR is a fine cat.  
What is he at?

He hunts birds in the hydrangea  
And in the tree.  
Major was ever a ranger,  
He ranges where no one can see.

Sometimes he goes up to the attic  
With a hooped back,  
His paws clutch the iron rungs  
Of the ladder that are thin as a match  
stick.  
How can this be done?

Oh, Major is a fine cat,  
He walks cleverly.  
And what is he at, my fine cat?  
No one can see.

STEVIE SMITH



#### Tuesday, November 30

The universal euphoria induced by the celebrations in Westminster Hall

**House of Lords :**  
The Gracious Speech  
**House of Commons :**  
The Gracious Speech

during the forenoon had not worn thin when Parliament met to debate the speech from the Throne. The Lords, who do no more on the first day of their debate than thank Her Majesty for having made it, were treated to the sight of Lord POLWARTH in the green uniform of the Royal Bodyguard for Scotland, which he wore to mark the honour done to that country by opening Parliament on St. Andrew's Day. Their Lordships rose in good time for tea.

The Commons, too, wore a festive air, having arrayed themselves in all the finery Messrs. Mess Bros. could supply (though Sir HAROLD WEBBE alone wore a topper) to mark the double event of the reopening of Parliament and the eightieth birthday of the Prime Minister. That irrepressible octogenarian was not in his place to hear Mr. NIXON BROWNE move the humble Address; but

as it came to its final cadence on the words "—and we wish him well!" he made an entrance as dramatically apt as could be. The richer by a remarkable portrait, a memorable album of autographs, £150,000, three thousand knitted pullovers, two birthday cakes and the good wishes of almost the whole world, he sat looking pink and attentive while Mr. BULLARD ("I've got my best suit on") seconded the Address. But he took no part in the proceedings; when Mr. ATTLEE had had his routine niggle at the thinness of the Queen's Speech, it was Sir ANTHONY EDEN who voiced the Government's apologia. Accused by Mr. ATTLEE of a split mind, also of "quite unwarrantable complacency," he justified the latter charge with a claim that the Government had something to be complacent about, and then detailed their plans for the coming Session, to the evident satisfaction of the complacent benches behind him. When he sat down, most of those present went out, and poor teetotal Mr. HUDSON addressed his remarks to a House almost denuded of Members.

#### Wednesday, December 1

An emotional seesaw rocked the Commons up and down all the afternoon.

**House of Commons:** It began when  
Terminological Inexactitude the Speaker read, in as profound a silence as the House can provide, a letter from Mr. Justice LINSKEY regretting that he had had to commit an hon. Member to prison for seven years. Then abruptly the mood soared as Mr. OSBERT PEAKE rose to make his announcement about pensions. Almost everyone

was pleased at what he had to say; indeed the Opposition could hardly object much, since, as Dr. SUMMERSKILL lost no time in pointing out, his proposals closely matched the proposals put forward by the T.U.C. Only Mr. MELLISH from Bermondsey was found to ask for more, on the ground—surely overstated—that "the vast majority" of his constituents were receiving National Assistance to supplement their pensions.

The mood of rejoicing was then abruptly dispelled when Mr. SHINWELL rose to tax the Prime Minister with his indiscretion at Woodford.

He was clearly unhappy at having to do so, in spite of encouraging grunts from Sir WINSTON of "Quite right! Do your duty!" but he need not, as the vulgar say, have gone on and on about it quite so long. All he wanted was the exact text of this telegram, and a look at the telegram itself; but he framed these modest demands with a measure of conciseness and wit that made the later speeches of Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD seem in comparison like the gayest persiflage of a Sydney Smith.

The Prime Minister, when he rose to reply, was obviously in a state of great embarrassment. His defence was like the defence of one charged with uttering a libel: he was under the impression that he had already published the text of the telegram; and if he had not, he was under the impression that the text was substantially as he had given it; he was pretty sure that there had been such a telegram, and an intensive search (how intensive one could well imagine!) was still being made for it; but if he had not sent it, he had meant to. "I hope the House will remember," he said, and his voice, utterly changed from the resounding organ in which he had uttered his splendid periods the previous day, was tired and old, "that I have done what I have rarely done, formally expressed my regret for an observation which I made—not on the spur of the moment—in the country." He was heard in considerate silence by both sides.

Mr. BELLINGER, who spoke next, refrained from rubbing salt in the wound; he was perfectly satisfied that even if the telegram had not been sent



Morning . . .

the fact that Sir WINSTON could now imagine that it had been showed that he had been ill-disposed towards the Russians in 1945 and *ipso facto* must be to-day. It was left to Mr. GEORGE WIGG to pose the awkward question, if there was in fact no telegram, what was Field Marshal Montgomery talking about when he said he had received it?

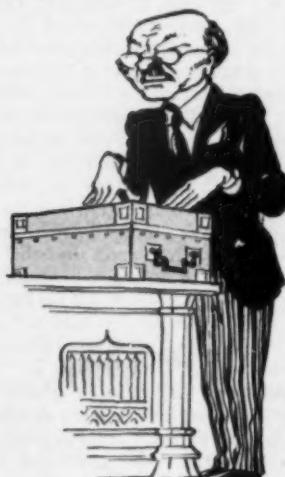
Later in the evening spirits rose again when Mr. MACMILLAN outlined his plans for the paring-down of the Forces to meet the changed requirements of modern, atom-dominated, warfare. It was interesting to see such concern from the Labour benches, where they are firm believers in reducing the period of National Service, for the doomed second battalions, anti-aircraft regiments and R. Aux. A. F. squadrons.

#### Thursday, December 2

Another doughty octogenarian sailed into battle this afternoon, this time in the

<b>House of Lords:</b>	Lords.
Naval Engagement	Admiral of the Fleet Lord
<b>House of Commons:</b>	CHATFIELD moved
Agriculture	an amendment to

the humble Address regretting the absence of any indication in the gracious speech from the Throne of an immediate commencement of a building programme to strengthen the Royal Navy and replace our ageing cruisers. The noble admiral gave their Lordships a terrific rocket in his fiercest quarter-deck manner; he found a "sign of a decadent mentality in Her Majesty's Government" in their policy on maritime defence, and told them very firmly, brushing aside all interruptions with such phrases as "please let me make my speech in my own order," how maritime defence ought to be organized. Mr. J. P. L.



Afternoon



Mr. Osbert Peake

THOMAS, sitting on the steps of the Throne, might well have been forgiven an occasional *frisson*.

There was a full muster of admirals and other senior officers among the noble Lords who had put their names down to speak on this amendment, and—as so often—Lord STANSATE's was the only voice heard in opposition to it. (He took the opportunity, again characteristically, to defend Sir WINSTON CHURCHILL against his recent persecutors.) Lord CARRINGTON gave a conciliatory reply on behalf of the Government, making the two points least likely to appeal to admirals, namely (a) that we couldn't afford a bigger Navy, and (b) that there were some wonderful new weapons just around the corner that would make the present-day Navy out of date; and the amendment was, by leave—but no, I object to the amendment, said Lord STANSATE, and I want to vote against it. So, in spite of the obvious weakness for the amendment shown by all the noble and gallant Lords who supported it, it was negatived.

That was the end of the Lords' debate on the speech from the Throne. In another place, however, it continued undiminished.

Before the Commons settled down to their day's stint, which consisted of an investigation of the Government's agricultural policy, there was one of those interminable demands from Scottish Members for increased time for Scottish affairs. Mr. Secretary STUART, unaware that this would arise, was represented in the House only by one of his numerous Under-Secretaries, which led

Mr. EMRYS HUGHES to voice the dark suspicion that Mr. STUART had been either liquidated or kidnapped.

Mr. TOM WILLIAMS, looking with his curly grey hair and inevitable wing collar and bow tie like a repertory actor playing the part of a senior Socialist Privy Councillor, led the attack on the Government's treatment of the farmers. Agriculture has always been the Achilles' heel of the Tory party, and Mr. WILLIAMS carried out his not too difficult task without excessive rancour. "The Prime Minister," he remarked, "may have made mistakes, but he never made the mistake of becoming Minister of Agriculture in a Conservative government." Mr. HEATHCOAT-AMORY smiled at him confidently. Later Mr. WILLIAMS employed the best mixed metaphor of the week—"the fruit of a blind plunge into freedom."

#### Friday, December 3

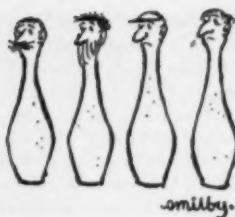
Mr. JIM GRIFFITHS, punctuating his remarks with a series of resounding smacks on the corner of the Dispatch Box,

ranged widely, wisely, and on the whole amicably around Government colonial policy. Mr. LENNOX-BOYD agreed broadly with all he said, extending his agreement even to the suggestion that the Co-ops might help in colonial development. The debate exemplified indeed—as did the sparseness of the attendance—the Minister's observation that "in this field there is no party politics," though Mr. FENNER BROCKWAY lurked in his seat in the hope that there might be.

B. A. YOUNG



## ((CRITICISM))



### BOOKING OFFICE

#### The Squire of Abbotsford

**Walter Scott.** Hesketh Pearson. Methuen, 21/-

FORTY years ago elderly gentlemen sometimes boasted that they re-read the Waverley novels every year. More recently, many boys have read *The Talisman* and *Ivanhoe* at nine or ten and then tried a few others and got stuck in them. Does Scott gain any new readers to-day or is he read mainly by students of literary history and the old? Has he joined the extinct best-sellers like Lytton and Tom Moore?

Scott's admirers have rarely been able to explain to anybody younger than themselves what they see in him. It is possible to convert an open-minded sceptic to Fielding or even to Meredith: Scott defeats his missionaries. Their readiness to admit that his novels are often verbose, badly constructed, lazily built and lifeless does little to make the reader want to try them, and any novel he does try always turns out to be one of the failures. The Scott lover at once admits this and eagerly recommends one of the others.

The qualities praised in Scott are humour, narrative power and creation of character. Though an historical novelist, he is not generally rated very high for insight into the past and, though he devotes a lot of space to describing places, he is never picked out as one of the great descriptive writers. However, as the qualities emphasized by his supporters are those he has in common with writers of popular fiction one is entitled to expect readability. One should not have to plough through the work of a born story-teller: the impetus ought to be provided by the writer, not the reader. He should not always have the lowest priority on a mixed shelf of novels.

Scott as a man is interesting. His charm survives, perhaps because he put more into his life than into his books. The *Journals*, which appeal to contemporary taste very much, are one of the great diaries, though to say this seems to a Scott lover as appalling as the once fashionable preference for Keats's letters to his poems. He was one of the

first best-sellers and he never pretended to be anything else.

It is part of the common sense he shared with his hero Wellington that he disliked having his poems and novels over-rated. He dashed them off at an amazing speed and showed no kind of critical interest in them. If it sold well it was a good book, and he wanted sales to maintain the standard of life he enjoyed and considered his due. He held



two fairly onerous legal posts, did a mass of journalism, edited literary and historical texts, farmed, built, entertained like a feudal baron, spent convivial nights, played some part in politics and in that no-man's land where politics, scholarship and society meet, and was endlessly kind to bores and beginners. His fantastic energy needed constant occupation. The physical act of writing provided him with some kind of release. Probably it was the process, not the product, that was important to him.

Some of the props were very like those of later best-sellers—dogs, public causes, a public domestic life. The difference is that Scott was obviously as nice a man as he seemed to be. His gaiety and kindness and sincerity were not a pose. His flat denials of the authorship of the novels was clearly dishonest; but the deception seems silly rather than sly.

The extravagance was due to an eighteenth-century carelessness, an aristocratic disdain of penny wisdom, not to any conscious parasitism on his creditors. There must, all the same, have been some kind of sucker-proneness. The relations between the Border legends, Abbotsford (like the castles of Ludwig of Bavaria a monstrous product of the Romantic Movement), the financial bubble, the background of post-war politics and stock markets and the furious quill-driving was a theme for a Balzac.

In this biography Mr. Pearson is mainly concerned with crisply retelling the old story and adding some new anecdotes. He does not pay much attention to Scott's work, apart from picking out certain characters and scenes for praise and claiming for his hero a place little below Shakespeare's, nor does he make much attempt to relate the poems and novels to the mind that produced them. He tacitly accepts the modern estimate of Scott by dealing with him mainly on the celebrity-at-home level. Mr. Pearson is always readable, unlike Scott, and he has a sturdy, Cobbett-like opinionatedness that is often infuriating but at least gives his books character. When he gets a subject with some of the same interests as himself—Wilde, for example—he is very good indeed. His talents would be particularly suited to the biographical essay, the three-or-four-to-a-volume studies of minor figures, like Abraham Hayward or Bernal Osborne or W. T. Stead. In Scott he enjoys the company of the man. He also enjoys some of the novels; but his lack of interest in Literature as an Art, in the psychology of creation and in the history of the Romantic Movement makes him ignore a good deal that one would expect to find in a biography of Scott.

R. G. G. PRICE

### Four Studies

#### Private View. Jocelyn Brooke. Barrie, 10/6

Mr. Jocelyn Brooke here continues that line of fictional autobiography he manages with such individual skill. There are four studies: a little girl, a fellow undergraduate, a Jewish Central

European soldier in the R.A.M.C., an actress friend of the narrator's family. Of these, Alison Vyse, the first, seemed to me the best. Mr. Brooke has an extraordinary power of delving into childhood and always bringing up something fresh. He has, by now, produced material in his various works that must represent about four books if collected together, all dealing with aspects of childish life and imagination, yet never repeating themselves. In his first story, the comic, yet painful, love of a boy of six for a girl of nine is very well done. General Brockhurst, the moustached medical student of uncertain tastes, is perhaps a shade too long. A few firm vignettes only—including, of course, the preposterous medical inspection—might have clarified some of the points, which rather too much description and detail finally make a trifle blurred, leaving the reader uncertain. Kurt Schlegel most of us have met in one form or another. He rings true, as does Miss Wimpole. An enjoyable collection.

A. P.

**Last Recollections of My Uncle Charles.**

Nigel Balchin. *Collins*, 12/6

"If you have seen enough performances you begin to recognize certain tricks as old friends, and to know how they will end," as Uncle Charles, that witty, urbane *débrouillard*, himself remarks; and this applies to some of the stories he recounts, though not to the one—"Sawing a Lady in Half"—in which the phrase occurs. Indeed, the group illustrating the contradictions of feminine psychology, together with "Gentle Counsels" (a delectable incident from Army life), are among the best in the collection. Others suffer from the defects of tales dependent on anecdotal strength and artificially-contrived situations for their cumulative effect: though an unexpected twist of character is often added to a predictable ending, as in "Patience."

Mr. Balchin's narrative gift and great technical expertise are in evidence throughout: rather disconcertingly, he introduces his protagonist as being "often a painful bore," but one excerpt from Uncle Charles' dialogue will suffice to disprove this statement: "You will hardly have come to me to be told what is the decent thing. It's outside my range."

J. M.-R.

**Twenty-one Stories.** Graham Greene.  
*Heinemann*, 8/6

Mr. Greene is a writer of two different types of fiction, one of which he has himself frankly labelled as "entertainment." Perhaps there are rather too many entertainments among his stories, first collected in 1947 and now republished with additional material. Among those likely to have remained in the memory these seven years "A Chance for Mr. Lever" is outstanding, typical as it is of the irony that characterized the author's pre-Catholic phase. "The Basement Room," beautifully

constructed and profound in its implications, will be remembered as the story of an important film. Of the new material, "The Hint of an Explanation" promises to survive beside these two. These stories are so good it seems a pity the author should choose to preserve in the same volume such ephemeral material as "A Little Place off the Edgware Road," "The Case for the Defence," and "Proof Positive," the last containing an idea exploited with much greater force and horror by Edgar Allan Poe.

O. M.

**Mistinguett.** *Elek*, 21/-

Like Maurice Chevalier, Mistinguett is a formidable autobiographer. The French lighter stage is tough, professional and mature. Its leaders get to the top and stay there by hard work and ruthlessness, and when they survey the battlefield they do not waste time on twittering recapitulation of social engagements and endearments. Mistinguett discusses her fabled meanness and fabled hardness without regret. She is frank about her lovers and her enemies, without exhibitionism. There is a wonderful description of the part she played in counter-espionage at Geneva in the first World War.

What matters is her central position as a star. The show built round her must be good, so she organizes it herself. There must be new talent, so she picks it

and trains it. Her belief in her destiny informs her slightest detail and the acidity of her pen makes the detail sharp. Theatrical reminiscences are usually either unreadable or unshuttleable. Whatever the merits of the spectacular revues in which she starred, Mistinguett's cool retelling of her fevered life approaches a classic.

R. G. G. P.

**AT THE PLAY**

*Time Remembered*  
(LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH)  
*The Taming of the Shrew* (OLD VIC)  
*Hedda Gabler* (WESTMINSTER)

THE new Anouilh has affinities with *Ring Round the Moon*, but though some of the charm is there, the dramatic interest is largely missing. Early in *Time Remembered* we know exactly what is going to happen. It is a very slight fantasy which has to be spun out to three acts with ingenuity of decoration and a good deal of incidental comic business. It is an entertainment rather than a play, and its spirit is so detached that we are never quite allowed to lose ourselves. The dialogue in PATRICIA MOYSE'S English version has flat spots, but visually WILLIAM CHAPPELL'S production is beautiful, for PETER RICE has given it several delightful sets.

A moderately mad old lady, a French



*(Time Remembered)*

*The Duchess of Pont-Au-Bronc*—MISS MARGARET RUTHERFORD  
*Prince Albert Troubiscoi*—PAUL SCOFIELD

duchess, has reconstructed in her park all the background of her nephew's tragic love affair—a Viennese café, a night-club, even the benches on which he and his dead Leocadia had sat at Dinard. Albert haunts these places in a nostalgic trance. Finding a midinette who closely resembles Leocadia, the Duchess brings her to the château to give reality to Albert's dream, and gradually, as the two decorously re-enact the past, Amanda falls in love with Albert, and he is at last brought back happily to the present. The ironies behind this situation are that Albert can scarcely remember Leocadia, and is going through his pantomime of suffering mainly to humour the whim of his aunt, and that Leocadia, so we slowly gather, was an impossible woman who never stopped talking and was followed everywhere by a tame snake.

I found the whole thing far too thin, but there were compensations. In the earlier part MARGARET RUTHERFORD, looking as near the White Queen as Amanda can possibly have been to Leocadia, gives a touching performance packed with comic resource. A new actress of great promise, MARY URE, plays Amanda very directly and naturally. As Albert, who is a bit of a stick, PAUL SCOFIELD is not at all extended, but he lends him an admirable style. And GEOFFREY DUNN is always amusing as the head waiter who waits and waits in the empty night-club in the park.

*The Shrew* isn't really such a bad play as to need the brokers' men and all the kindred resources of knockabout to bolster it up. Taken fairly straight, it can still be good entertainment. Usually a light and graceful producer, DENIS CAREY seems to have got the impression that unless we are completely anaesthetized with comic business we shall walk out. This policy, I admit, appeared to suit the bulk of the first-night audience, which showed its approval in a vast number of curtain-calls; but for me the production was ruined by its desperate anxiety to be funny.

PAUL ROGERS' Petruchio is more than half out of pantomime, and proportionately a little vulgar. He has a joke hat that won't stay on, he whistles on two fingers for his servants, he plays at slapstick with them whenever he can, and the cover of Katharina's barmecide dinner discloses, as by then we knew it would, the faithful string of sausages so dear to the pierhead wags. There is no end to the trippings-up and the rest of the mimed Joe-Millerisms. All this takes place among sets which suggest neither Padua nor anywhere else nearer than the Pleiades. KENNETH ROWELL has been seized with an affection for hanging things from the flies, on strings, in a sort of vertical mobile—things that look like the radiator-frames from veteran motor-cars, and sometimes like patterns torn from coloured paper and stuck on nets.

Their effect is sillier than gay, and not nearly so pleasing as Mr. ROWELL's dresses, which are charming.

If PAUL ROGERS could be allowed to forget about splitting our sides he would be a good, bustling Petruchio, of the reasonably humane variety. ANN TODD stays rather tight-lipped to the end, even after her conversion, but she delivers her missionary speech very persuasively. Several performances manage to be undiluted by high-pressure jocularity; in particular GWEN CHERRELL's delightful Bianca, LAURENCE HARDY's Baptista and PAUL DANEMAN's Lucentio.

Last only because I reviewed it at Hammersmith, PETER ASHMORE's *Hedda Gabler* has now come in to London for a limited season, during which I suggest you shouldn't miss it if unusually even acting in an unusually exciting play are what you want. Two changes of cast have scarcely affected the balance. The main performances have deepened and matured. PEGGY ASHCROFT is a chilling Hedda, and GEORGE DEVINE a wonderfully bumbling and lovable Tesman. For once IBSEN's superb strokes of comedy are not overlaid by coterie earnestness. This must be the best production of the play for a very long time.

#### Recommended

*An Evening with Beatrice Lillie* (Globe) brings this unique entertainer back to London (1/12/54). *Separate Tables* (St. James's) is a fine Rattigan double bill (29/9/54). And Thornton Wilder's *The Matchmaker* (Haymarket) proves how much humanity can be packed into a farce.

ERIC KEOWN



"Attention everybody! Attention! Owing to a failure in the supply of power to the flood-lighting system the referee has decided to abandon the game. To find your way out of the ground . . ."

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## AT THE DRESS SHOWS

DUTCH FASHION GROUP—INCORPORATED SOCIETY OF LONDON DRESS DESIGNERS: ROYAL SHOW

OPENING the Dutch Fashion Group's first show in London, the Netherlands Ambassador stressed that Holland was in no way competing with the luxury dress trade of France. "These are everyday and practical clothes. This is a business occasion." The orchestra struck up the Dutch National Anthem and we stood to attention. As we sat down the first model appeared and the orchestra slid into "I Love Paris."

Dr. Stikker, however, had made his point. These clothes were not to be considered with the *haute couture* of France, nor of England. But, since comparisons are inevitable, they were bound to be compared with British ready-made clothes.

However, the note was camaraderie, not rivalry. Many British fabrics were used, and clothes of British leather made the best group in the collection. We have not before seen leather used with such deference to the mode. Soft suède in brilliant toadstool colours made jackets and skirts with waistcoats, shorts with play-tops. Smooth washable leather was used for debonair white jackets worn with black skirts or black slacks, and also for a notable full-length leather coat, glistening white, with low back-belt. The Jacques Fath look.

Fath influence was apparent also in cloth top-coats: loose, low-buttoning, low-pocketed, often with low-slung belts. These were more successful than the suits and dresses, which seldom surpassed mediocrity. Except for Jolo Couture's imaginative treatment of unusual colours and materials, these were not young clothes. Yet with four Princesses growing up, Holland will have inspiration for younger fashions. Already she has gone far. Before the war her dress trade's imports were four times her exports; now exports are twice as many as imports. Britain is her smallest customer; hence this show. A business occasion—but a happy and friendly one. Before, few over here had ever heard of Dutch Fashion; now it has at least gone in at one ear.

At the Incorporated Society of London Dress Designers' showing for Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, each of the "Top Twelve," as is the custom, showed five models.

Most members designed some new models especially for the occasion; whereas previously they only served up helpings from their July Collections, already seen by the Press and tasted by their private clients. Also, they have this year sought out more adventurous British fabrics. Cotton appeared with a polished surface; Irish linen with a

heavily embroidered rope design; table-cloth damask made a Lachasse dress and jacket. Wool was often woven with silk or rayon. They have also used many new forms of what are called, for want of a more unattractive term, man-made fibres: acetate brocades and satins, nylon organzas.

There was, of course, at this mid-season, no change in the general line. But the show as a whole confirmed that, where there is elegance pure and simple, there is also the new bust line. This can only be succinctly described in the language of lingerie; it is the camisole line, rather than the brassière.

London this autumn has had so many visiting collections from other countries, that it is pleasant to speculate on a touring team for England. Such a fashion team would consist of eight players and, selected on this day's form alone (this isn't cricket), our choice would be:

Hardy Amies—for his jacket-over-dress suit of basket-weave Yorkshire worsted, trimmed with beaver.

Charles Creed—for his grey topcoat and skirt with grosgrain gilet and facings.

John Cavanagh—for his dinner dress in gold-threaded, pink striped nylon.

Lachasse—for a three-quarter top-coat, tight belted and full skirted, in cream tweed with phantom beaver collar.

Matti— for his stone-coloured tweed sheath-dress with fur-trimmed jacket.

Michael—for his very new jumper suit of West of England doeskin.

Ronald Paterson—for his flame-coloured theatre topcoat over grey silk-with-mohair dress.

Norman Hartnell—Captain.

ALISON ADBURGHAM

## AT THE PICTURES



*The Great Adventure—  
Le Mouton à Cinq Pattes*

IT'S hard to imagine what even the sourest possible puss could find to say against *The Great Adventure* (Director, producer, writer, photographer, editor: ARNE SUCKSDORFF). This is the story of two small boys on a farm in Central Sweden and their attempt—for a time successful—to keep a young otter as a secret pet; but the conventional qualities of what is usually understood by a "story"—characterization, development of suspense, "drama" and so forth—have comparatively little to do with the film's appeal. Nearly all its attractiveness, and it is very attractive and enjoyable indeed, consists in the detail, the atmosphere, the scene-setting, the feeling of place. Apart from the constantly beautiful pictures of inanimate nature that, one can understand, must have been a matter of patience and vision (even though the patience must have been enormous and the vision exceptional), there are innumerable shots that seem almost miraculous: shots of the



[*The Great Adventure*

"OTTY" AND CO.

wildest and shyest of creatures going about their business untroubled by the camera only a few feet away.

This may sound as if the film's virtues are merely documentary virtues, but the point is that it is much more than a documentary. The commentary (in English, spoken by NORMAN SHELLEY) is in the form of a reminiscence by the man who was once one of the two boys concerned, and this focuses the whole affair: the animals, the country, the surroundings of the farm are seen through the boy's eyes, the atmosphere of childhood's timeless days is felt as he felt it.

The episode of the otter begins quite late in the film, but grows naturally out of what has gone before and seems in no way artificial. With the boys, we have seen the lake in the early morning, the otters playing about in it, the vixen and her cubs, the lynx in the wood, the dormice, the squirrel, the sandpipers and the terns; we have watched the farm work going on, noticed the hare in the stubble, seen the cranes fly south and the changes that come with the thick snow . . . impossible to enumerate everything. Nothing is sentimentalized or cheapened by facetiousness, even musical facetiousness; the music is unobtrusively good, but natural sound and silence are allowed to do all they can. The whole thing is like fresh air; never did I see a film more universally enjoyable.

A bit of nonsense called *The Sheep Has Five Legs*, or *Le Mouton à Cinq Pattes* (Director: HENRI VERNEUIL), gives FERNANDEL an amusing chance to do the sort of thing Alec Guinness did in *Kind Hearts and Coronets*. He appears as

each of five forty-year-old sons and as their disgruntled old father (who had wanted daughters), and the film is a collection of episodes linked by the presence in each of the doctor who attended the birth of the quintuplets and now tries to bring them all back to their native village for a reunion, in the hope that the publicity will revive the local tourist trade. In fact the piece is like a comic *Un Carnet de Bal*, for the brothers are very different characters, and FERNANDEL is able to show off his skill in contrasting styles, from the irresponsible window-cleaner to the scowling sea-captain, from the beauty-salon proprietor to the village priest plagued by his resemblance to a better-known one on the films. Each episode has good points, but probably most people will plump for the one in which a wager involving a ship and all its cargo hangs on a fly's choice between two lumps of sugar.

\* \* \* \* \*

### Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

With *The Great Adventure* is BUNUEL's *The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe* (18/8/54), which has been about the country but never before had a central London showing. *Garden of Evil* (1/12/54) and *The Barefoot Contessa* (17/11/54) should still be available, as well as Cinerama and *Modern Times*; but two or three of the current West End offerings they did not venture to press-show at all.

Nothing big among the releases. *The Happiness of Three Women* is a pleasantly-done version of the play *The Wishing Well*.

RICHARD MALLETT



## ON THE AIR

Lightning Cartoonists

YEARS ago, in the days of silent pictures, one of the most popular of make-weight "shorts" was the ink-pot cartoon. We cinemagoers saw the artist's pen and the tips of his nimble fingers; we saw his drawing grow before our very eyes at express speed. Every line was perfect, a swift unerring slash of Indian ink, and every black area was filled in with incredible precision, like water flowing into a footprint in sand. Pure magic.

To people not endowed with the ability to draw lines round their thoughts cartooning is much more than a craft: it is sleight-of-hand, a bewildering gift. Any artist who sets up his easel or displays his chalks out-of-doors attracts wide-eyed spectators, and any competent artist (Peter Scott, for example) or cartoonist (Brockbank, Langdon or Emett) who displays his talent on TV has the chance to mystify and enchant millions.

In "Black on White," a B.B.C. documentary on the history of British cartoon, we saw David Low at work only for a few seconds, but in my view they made the brightest patch in an ingenious but strangely unsatisfactory programme. Lime Grove is afraid of "still" pictures, and on the evidence of its "News and Newsreel" it has reason to be. In "Black on White" every possible device was used to animate static pictures: the cameras roamed and zoomed to an accompaniment of fruity background music and sprightly commentary and the sequence of two-dimensional cartoons was repeatedly broken by brisk insertions of three-dimensional film. The pace was so hot that within twenty minutes we



[Inquest on a Hero]

*Joanna Manville (Diana Wynyard) Sir Richard Manville (Trevor Howard) Mark Manville (Andrew Ray)*

had flickered from Hogarth and Gillray to "Fougasse," Searle and Giles. O.K. for speed.

Unfortunately, we never remained with any cartoonist long enough to discover what he was trying to say. The ordinary viewer was lost in a kaleidoscope of line and chatter; Third Programme types were left panting, exasperated, frustrated. There was no time for the captions—not even for Pont's captions—no time for a laugh or a sigh of appreciation. This was the charge of the black-and-white brigade.

The explanation, I am sure, is that once again the B.B.C. was trying to please too many viewers. The idea was to squeeze in something for everybody without ruining the basic structure of a W.E.A. lecture. And the inevitable result was that the essence of cartoon—satire and humour—was squeezed out. A pity this. The captive "What's My Line?" audience would have enjoyed some light relief between Dicky Leeman's sages and

the gloom of "Inquest on a Hero."

I cannot understand how Diana Wynyard and Trevor Howard were induced to appear in this Sunday-Thursday hunk of melodrama, or for that matter how Leslie Landau and Adrian Alington got round to writing it. The other apparent imponderable I can understand, for Lime Grove's drama department has built up a reputation for accepting anything in its rôle as patron of the living theatre. Our disappointment in "Inquest on a Hero" was all the more acute because the acting throughout was extremely good and because for ten minutes or so we were promised an intelligent play dealing with the various interpretations of bravery. Trevor Howard as

the war hero, Sir Richard Manville, Bt., V.C., D.S.O., worked wonders for a time with wretched material, but soon he became interesting solely for his expert handling of the whisky bottle and the cigarette lighter. And Diana Wynyard, as his wife, won our sympathy for her deft enunciation of innumerable clichés.

Television's birthday tribute to Sir Winston Churchill was perfect, one of those occasions when nobody can possibly put a foot wrong. Lord Ismay was a genial and suitably affectionate host, and all who followed him spoke briefly, wisely and well. It was no mean technical achievement to make repeated switches from studio to film, film to Downing Street, Downing Street to Lime Grove without any suggestion of mechanical synthesis. And it was a wonderful and surprising moment for viewers when, as the party ended, we were taken to the fireside of Number Ten and allowed to say good night to the great man and his fine lady.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



DOUGLAS.

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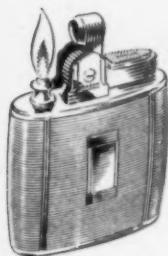
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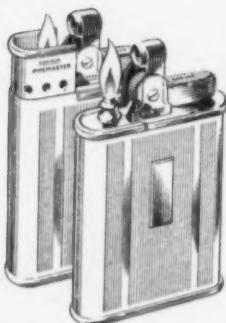
# "A Ronson makes a man's Christmas ... and a girl's!" says BARBARA KELLY

"I've polled the male side of my family," confides this attractive, bubble-haired star of stage, radio and TV, "and all agree nothing makes a man's Christmas cheerier than finding a Ronson on the tree. From the feminine angle, I'd like to say that goes for us too (hint)!"

Here are five top-of-the-bill Ronsons. There are many more to choose from.



Ronson Flo-line new-shaped, new contemporary styling, greater Ronsonol capacity. Finished in satin chromium, as shown, 38/- Other finishes available.



Ronson Pipemaster. Specially made for the pipe smoker, with extra large fuel capacity and windshield. As shown, 50/-. Leather covered, 55/-.



Ronson Wedgwood for the home — a Ronson in a bowl of charming blue and white Jasper ware. As shown, 4 guineas. Smaller model 3 guineas.



Ronson Whirlwind. Telescopic windshield lets you light up as you please in any breeze. As shown, 50/-. Other finishes from 43/6.

Ronson Adonis, a lighter as slim as a fine watch, as beautifully finished as good jewellery. As shown, 50/-. Other finishes available.

so this Christmas make it a **RONSON**

FOR YOUR OWN PROTECTION—LOOK FOR THE TRADE MARK **RONSON** WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

## More sitting room in the sitting-room!

*conjured by the ERCOLION*



FURNITURE INDUSTRIES LIMITED



HIGH WYCOMBE · BUCKS

"There are no follies about my Bergeresuite",  
*purred the ERCOLION*. "It's the most perfect  
answer to sitting pretty in today's sitting-rooms. Taking  
but little room it has room enough on those extra  
long, deep foam rubber seat cushions for the lankiest  
individual to loll, lounge or lie back in blissful comfort.  
Its tension springs conspire to relax all bodily tension.  
Its soft feather-down filled back cushions fill you with  
content. Light enough for your wife to pick up, and  
so reasonably priced that it would be  
folly indeed not to possess it."



Why do you have  
to have SEAGERS?

I always use SEAGERS at home.

I know—but aren't all gins  
much of a muchness?

Not at all. SEAGERS has  
much more muchness.

Is that why you drink it?

H'm, not entirely.

Mostly I drink it because I like it.

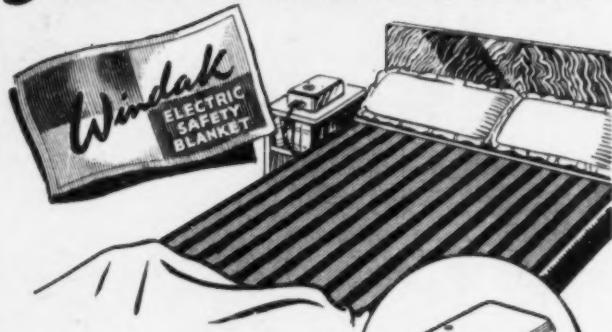
You consider yourself  
an authority on gins then?

No, an authority  
on what I like.

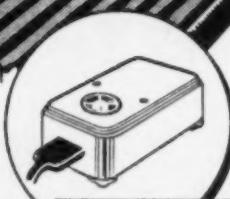
A bottle of Seager's Special London Dry Gin is shown in the bottom right corner.

Seager, Evans & Co. Limited, The Distillery, London, S.E.8

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- 1 **SAFE** to sleep on—switched on.
- 2 **SAFE** from risk of electrocution.
- 3 **SAFE** because its transformer reduces dangerous mains voltage to a harmless 24 volts.
- 4 **ALL-OVER-THE-BED-WARMTH.** The blanket is the same size as your mattress.
- 5 **THREE HEATS.**
- 6 **SMALL CURRENT CONSUMPTION.** **SAFE** to **SLEEP ON**
- 7 **DOUBLE, SINGLE & TWIN MODELS**



**THE GREAT SAFETY FACTOR**  
Mains Voltage Reduced to 24 volts

We shall be pleased to forward the name of your nearest stockist.  
WINDAK LIMITED, WOODSIDE, POYNTON, CHESHIRE

A.895



DESPITE her enormous success in the popular West End musical, "Wedding in Paris," Evelyn Laye is not too busy to remember her many off-stage interests, including a beautiful collection of old glass which she and her husband Frank Lawton have built up together. These two Artistes have also acted opposite each other in many straight plays. For Christmas, Evelyn Laye is giving him a Parker '51.'

## Evelyn Laye is giving her husband Frank Lawton a Parker '51' for Christmas



### THE '51' PEN AND PENCIL SET *In elegant presentation case*

ROLLED GOLD CAPS £7.18.6 PENCIL ALONE 52/6  
LUSTRALOY CAPS £6. 4.0 PENCIL ALONE 40/10

#### Other famous Parker models

SENIOR DUOFOLD PEN 43/- NEW DUOFOLD PEN 37/11  
VICTORY PEN - - 30/11 SLIMFOLD PEN - - 23/11  
PENCIL TO MATCH ALL THESE - - - - 20/5

*Presentation boxes available for pen and pencil sets*

### NOW... A YET MORE PRECIOUS THING

*New exclusive nib point and electro-polishing process*

THE new Parker '51' has always been a pen placed apart from all others—a pen that nearly everyone would like to own some day.

Now it has become a yet more precious thing. Its nib point—that tiny, all-important pellet of metal welded to the end of the nib—is now made of a new alloy of two rare, costly metals, Platinum and Ruthenium. This is our exclusive creation: we call it Plathenium. It takes a far higher degree of polish than other materials—polish that only our own special electro-polishing process makes possible. And it's so wear-resistant that years of writing won't alter it! So it gives you the silkiest writing point you've ever

tried, and one that will be exactly the same—just as silky, with just the width of line you've always liked—many years from now.

What an incomparable gift, this latest Parker '51,' to offer for a very special occasion!

*Choice of four colours and eight different nib grades. Price (Rolled Gold Cap) 105/-, (Lustraloy Cap) 82/3.*

## *new* Parker '51'

*The world's most wanted pen*

GIVEN AND USED BY FAMOUS PEOPLE



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It's a happy man or woman who receives one of Smiths de luxe watches. Their unique dependability has been doubly established by exhaustive 16 day factory tests plus rigorous trials in actual use . . . at 'Everest' for instance with Sir Edmund Hillary. All are UNCONDITIONALLY guaranteed for one year, and all have the Smiths PERMALIFE unbreakable main-spring. Sold exclusively by Jewellers from £7 . 15 . 0.

SMITHS

DE LUXE



A.B. 331. Gold plated watch. 25 mm. dial. 15 jewels. £11 . 0 . 0

B.527. Another charming design in 9 carat gold, 15 jewels. £16 . 16 . 0 Both in presentation cases.

B.310. Ladies gold plated model, 15 jewels. Silvered dial. £10 . 10 . 0

A.358. Gold plated 17 jewel watch Expanding bracelet. £11 . 5 . 0

B.523. 9 carat gold 15 jewel model with silvered dial. £16 . 16 . 0

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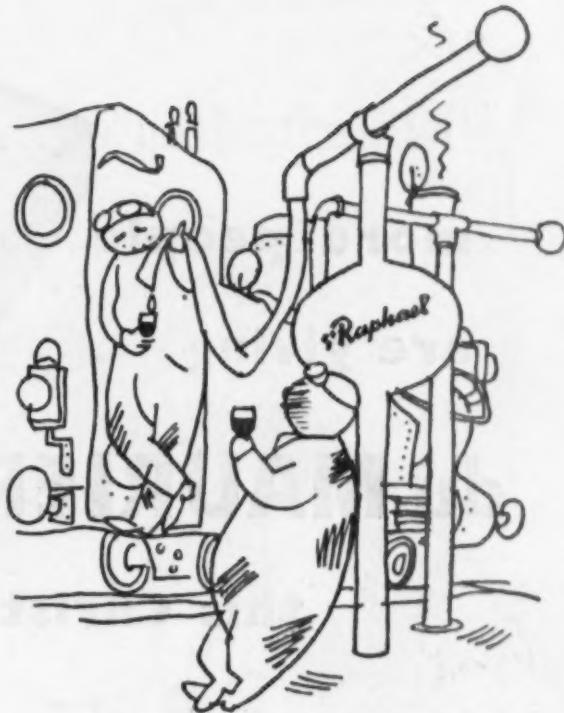
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they drink more

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other aperitif



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FROM WINE  
MERCHANTS  
AND BARS

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**L'apéritif de France**

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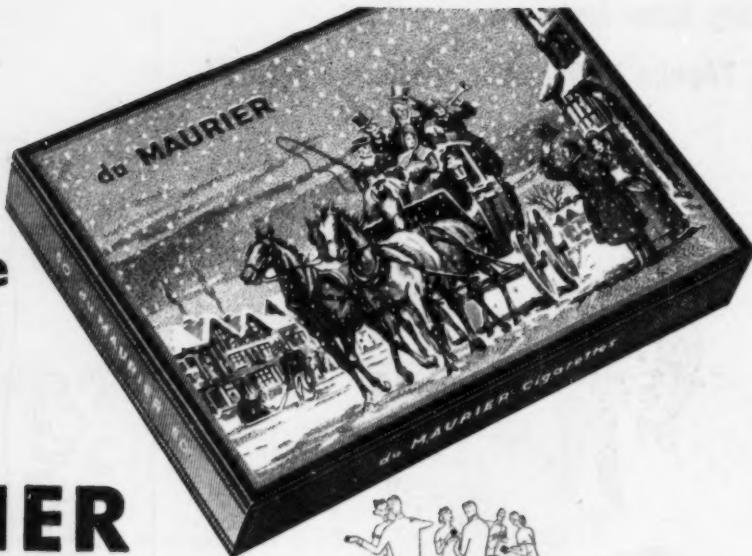


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Press the button and the Stratton FONOPAD opens at the page bearing the phone number you want. Nicely packed in coloured carton with Xmas band.

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In the "Wellington," as in every Dent's glove, the leather is treated to allow it to stretch sideways into the exact shape of your hand, but never lengthways, out of shape. This assures a perfect, lasting fit.

Gloves like the "Wellington," worn by men who dress with discrimination, give completeness to their appearance at any time.

**Stratton  
FONOPAD**

**DENT'S GLOVES**



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Complete satisfaction or money returned. Obtainable from hairdressers and chemists or post free from:  
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A Life-shaving  
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for Xmas!

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FINEST  
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Each bottle bears our signature  
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in many ways

**but our spelling is invariable**

Every day of the year we write or type the word *electricity* many thousand times. On paper, the word may always look the same but, in fact, electricity appears to us as twelve different entities. The twelve sections of the Crompton Parkinson organisation

each have a specialist job to do. Between them they cover every aspect of electrical equipment and installation. United they provide the customers of Crompton Parkinson with the finest electrical service in the world.

**When it comes to electrical equipment . . .**

**you've got to hand it to**

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It takes punishment, this jute. And it gets very little recognition. But it's there, working, all the time. Not only on your carpet but, indispensably, in a hundred hidden ways.



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*There may be an application of jute to your business. Why not write to us?—*  
**JUTE INDUSTRIES LTD., MEADOW PLACE BUILDINGS, DUNDEE**



## WESTLAND AIRCRAFT

### *Helicopters—Availability the Keynote*

The 19th annual general meeting of Westland Aircraft Limited will be held on December 8 in London.

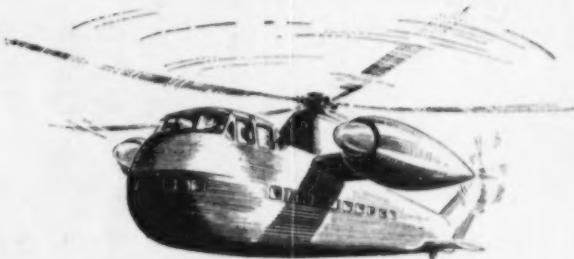
The following is an extract from the circulated statement of the chairman, Mr. ERIC MENSFORTH, C.B.E., F.R.Ae.S.:

The accounts show a consolidated profit, before taxation, of £306,069 compared with £191,885 last year. This satisfactory increase is attributable to a larger turnover and the further successful completion of certain contracts. This, in turn, to a large extent reflects the development work of earlier years.

During the year under review our Main Works at Yeovil and our Branch Works at Ilchester, Merryfield and London were fully employed.

Although development continues the Wyvern Strike Aircraft has been released for use on aircraft carriers and has been to sea in Squadron strength.

We continue to receive enquiries for the S.51 helicopter and development work continues to extend its usefulness. The WHIRLWIND, or S.55, our larger helicopter, continues in production and deliveries have been made to the Royal Navy, the Royal Air Force and Civil customers. Helicopter research continues partly under Ministry of Supply contract and partly as the Company's private venture, with a view to improving existing types and also to pave the way for future designs.



It is the Company's intention to enter into the production of large multi-engined helicopters for the armed forces and for Civil use. Our association with the Sikorsky Division of the United Aircraft Corporation has enabled us to make proposals to potential users to develop and produce at an earlier date than otherwise possible a large twin-engined helicopter. It would have a wide range of uses, both for passenger carrying, where it would accommodate thirty-five people, and for Service use, particularly that of the Army, where it would carry a load of 5 tons. We have in mind to call this helicopter the "Westminster."

As I mentioned last year, the development of new aircraft becomes increasingly costly, particularly as size increases. The production of such a large helicopter must have at an early stage some indication of support by way of orders. Negotiations are proceeding, but meanwhile the Company, following its earlier bold policy of seeking to make helicopters available at each stage of technical development before its competitors, is proceeding with the preparatory work.

---

*The proposal to increase the Company's capital has already been circularised to shareholders and is, therefore, not summarised here.*

# ROSS'S Belfast Ginger Ale

One quality, the best. Two kinds, 'Pale Dry' and 'Royal'



**Give  
your dog a name  
and an address**

Somewhere, at this very moment, there's a frantically worried dog-lover searching the streets for his dog—and somewhere there's a dog aimlessly padding about, looking for home. If he's lucky he'll be "taken-in-charge" by the police. No one else can help, for he wears no identification. Please, while your dog is safe and sound, make him wear a collar always. And on the collar engrave your name and address or 'phone number. Do not put the dog's name, as this may help dog-thieves. The RSPCA asks you to treat this as a matter of urgency. Hundreds of dogs are hopelessly lost every week; make sure that yours has both a name and address for all to read. And if you would like to help all animals in distress, please send a donation or a gift for sale to: Chief Secretary, RSPCA, (Dept. P.), 105 Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1.

**Remember the**

**RSPCA**

*this Christmas...*

*Say it with flowers...*



**INTERFLORA**

The World-wide FLOWER RELAY SERVICE

A bouquet of lovely flowers is the nicest Christmas gift of all. And it is so easy to have fresh untravelled flowers or plants delivered whenever and wherever you wish, at home or abroad through any of the 2,000 British florists who display the famous 'Mercury' symbol.

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—it's your move .....

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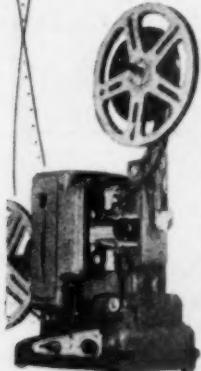
L.G.B.

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with the best record

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Delicate aroma and  
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A Sample Box of  
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May we quote you for your Wine, Spirit and  
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SUPPLIERS OF RED HACKLE WHISKY  
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The Drambuie Liqueur Co., Ltd., Edinburgh.



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8/- buys  
the sensational

**PAL**  
**INJECTO-MATIC**  
the new razor  
every man wants

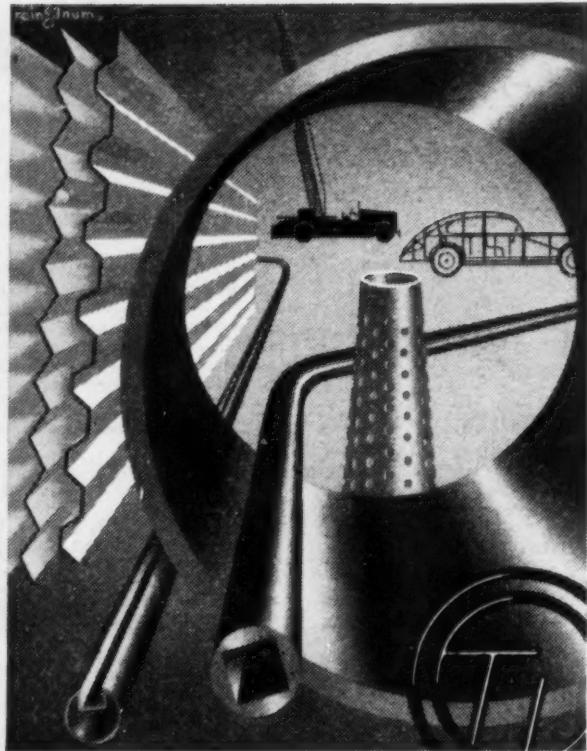
Give a man a PAL Injecto-Matic razor and you give him years of happy, time-saving shaves! Husbands, cousins, fathers, sons, nephews, uncles, sweethearts — all want the new PAL's smoother, easier, quicker shaves.

The PAL Injecto-Matic saves precious time on every shave because it NEEDS NO DRYING. It's the world's most modern safety razor. And at 8/-, complete in handsome travel case with 10 blades, the PAL Injecto-Matic is the finest medium-priced gift for a man this Christmas!



Refill magazines of 12 PAL Injecto blades, 2/-d.

Obtainable at all Woolworths, Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors, British Home Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers, etc.



## Pieces from a Picture of TI

The picture as a whole forms the background to much of the development of our technological age. It is broad and full of detail: it includes the electric cooker in your kitchen or the bicycle in your garden shed as well as tubes finer than a hair, or rolling mills that handle metal billets as easily as though they were pounds of butter.

Look at anything requiring precision or mechanical tubes, however intricate. Watch foodstuffs being conveyed through a factory or finished parts to an assembly line and you will, in all likelihood, be looking at TI. Engage in any kind of engineering that requires steel, wrought aluminium alloys, forged pressure vessels, metal prefabrications, electrical switchgear and cables, industrial paints . . . You will find again and again that you are using materials and skills developed by TI.

Each of TI's many manufacturing companies has a mind and ideas of its own, but behind all of them are the combined skills and experiences of the many trades TI follows.



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Through offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane and Adelaide, Bowaters supply paper on which are printed the principal newspapers and magazines of Australia. For the Bowater Organisation makes newsprint for the newspapers and journals of the world; other printing papers for magazines and reviews; paper for packages of almost infinite versatility.

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WITH LOW E.Q.'S \*  
IN THEIR OFFICES**

\* Efficiency quotients

THESE QUESTIONS are intended for those who "haven't had any time off for months," those who "leave all the figures to the accountant," and those who think the only sort of machine to have in the office is "dear old Miss Dilworthy."

- 1 Do you get facts and figures on the health and strength of your business:—(1) weeks late? (2) months late? (3) when the Official Receiver is called in?

**Hint 1:** If it would help to have a day-by-day analysis, there are machines to provide it.

- 2 Here are three accounting operations on which your office believes it works as fast as it can:—Payroll, Stock Records, Sales Ledger. Which of the following result from delays on which operation?

- (a) Your capital tied up in things neither you nor anybody wants.
- (b) A thumping weekly bill for overtime work in the office.
- (c) Credit being given where credit isn't due (or wise).

**Hint 2:** Any of these can be cured by a Burroughs accounting machine known as the "Sensimatic."

- 3 When somebody mentions "record-control" or "document-storage" what do you think of:—(1) those three rooms full of paper nobody can get into? (2) Miss Dilworthy's head? (3) Wouldn't it be wonderful to have a fire?

**Hint 3:** Microfilming your records can save over 99% of document-storage space.

**Satisfied with your showing?**

If you had to tick any of the indicated answers to the questions above, it would pay you to get in touch with Burroughs. It's been their business, for over 60 years, to provide the right answers to every kind, shape and size of figuring problem—backing their advice with machines (from the world's broadest range) designed specifically for your business. A desk-by-desk analysis of productivity in your office by Burroughs experts will cost you nothing. Call Burroughs today. Burroughs Adding Machine Limited, Avon House, 356-366 Oxford St., London, W.1. Sales and Service Offices in principal cities.

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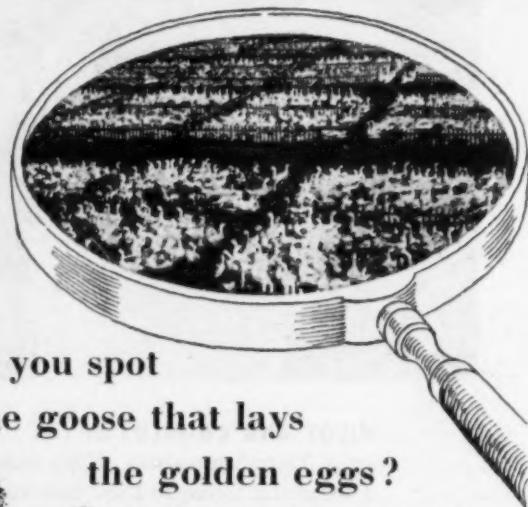
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the goose that lays  
the golden eggs?**

A figure of a person is shown carrying a tray with a large number of small eggs on it. The text next to the figure reads:

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"Got my Drayton-Armstrong Book to-day, Chief."

"So what, Son."

"I can't quite see how the free-floating lever arrangement works."

"Never mind, Son."

"How d'you mean, never mind? Doesn't it matter?"

"Tisn't how it works that matters, my lad. It's what it does that's important."

"What does it do, Chief?"

"Gives the trap the highest capacity and longest life of any trap there is, my lad."

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(The Drayton-Armstrong Book on trapping explains all this and is well worth writing for.)

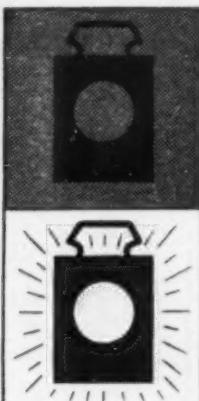
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# The Englishman's\* Guide to Smirnoff Vodka



The Island Race are among the world's most discerning drinkers. They are, however, notably conservative in their tastes, preferring to stick to what they know than experiment with alien beverages of doubtful potency. Believing, however, that Englishmen\* should share in the pleasures of cocktail imbibers in other lands, we gladly provide a few facts about the world-famous Smirnoff Vodka.

1. Smirnoff Vodka is a smooth palatable drink, no stronger than your Gin, Whisky or Rum.

3. Smirnoff Vodka makes a most attractive drink taken straight "à la Russie", especially when accompanied by savouries.

2. Smirnoff Vodka is today one of America's most popular drinks, where it is used as the blending spirit for new and established cocktails as well as for long drinks.

4. Smirnoff Vodka is made in this country according to the traditional recipe used by Pierre Smirnoff, purveyor of Vodka to the Imperial Court of Russia.

Try Smirnoff instead of Gin in your favourite cocktail. Try a VODKATINI (Smirnoff Vodka and Vermouth mixed in your favourite proportions) and a SCREWDRIVER (Smirnoff Vodka and Orange Juice).

\* To say nothing of the Scots, the Welsh and those of the Irish whose pleasures know no frontier.



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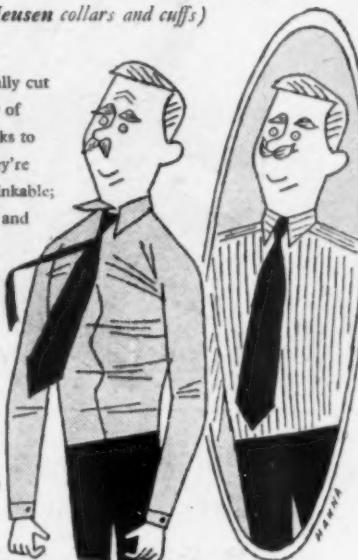
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No, darling, he isn't swearing—that's just what the French say when the waiter takes more than two minutes to bring their Lillet. Lillet, darling, Lillet. It's the most heavenly apéritif. You mean to tell me you've never tasted it? Zut, alors, as they say, you must have one at once. Garçon!



## LILLET

is the finest and the most exhilarating of all apéritifs. It is a matured blend of white wines, is made exclusively in one small region of France, and is preferred by intelligent gastronomes all over the world. Drink Lillet on its own with ice and a sliver of lemon—or with one-third gin.

## "What do you think I am?"

... an Old Master or a National Monument? We don't keep open house here for everybody who comes pushing in asking to see the M.D. Tell him to go to . . . eh? He is the man from Sunlock? Why didn't you say so in the first place? 'Course he's got an appointment. Fixed it myself. He's got some good ideas about tackling our figurework problems. Show him in and tell the Chief Accountant I shall probably want him later. We always see the man from Sunlock. Remember that!"



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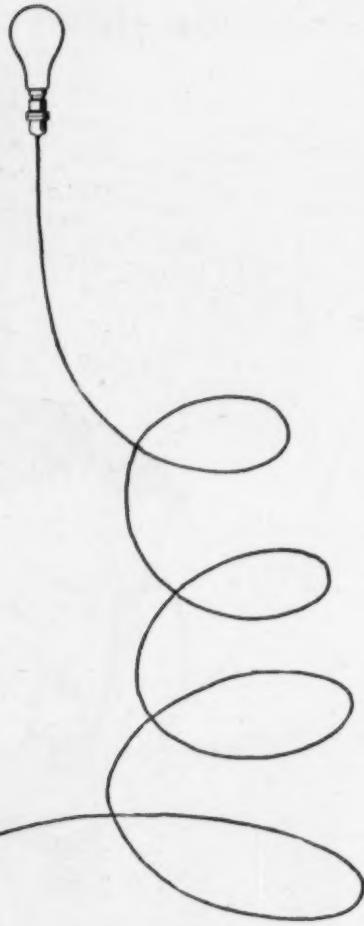
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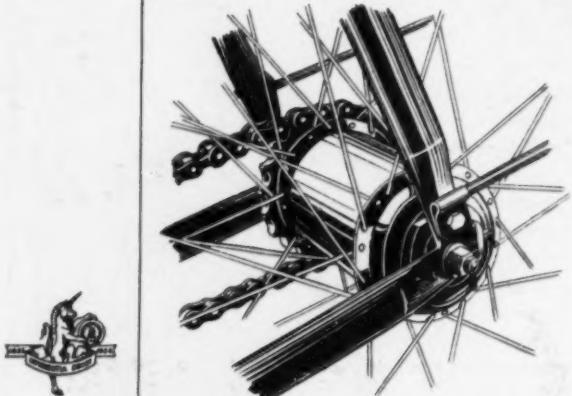


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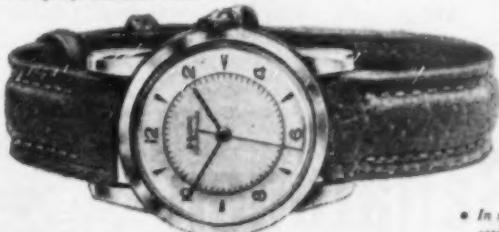
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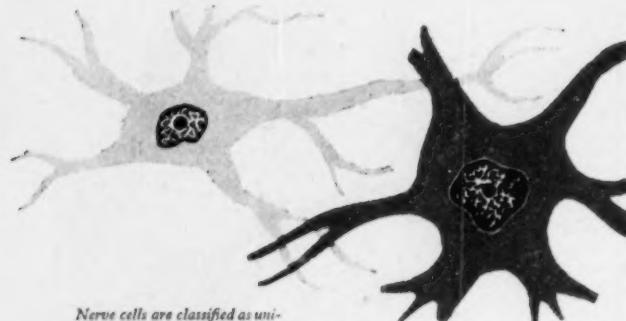


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# Sanatogen

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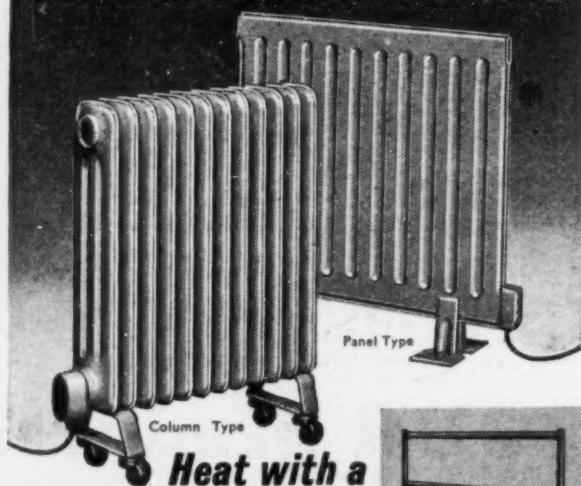
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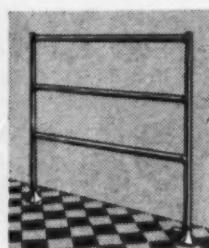
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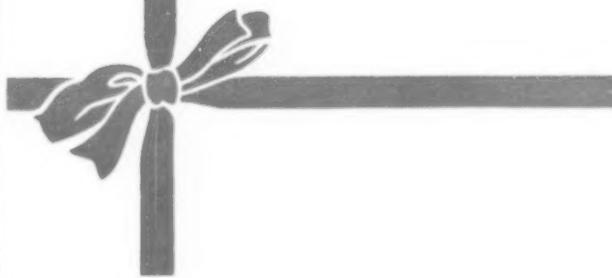
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